

BNAI BRITH MAGAZINE



Volume XLII, No. 12 September, 1928

Jewish Pride and Chauvinism

By Maurice Samuel

The Original Mr. Isaacs

By Regina Miriam Bloch

Leonid Pasternak— A Joyous Artist

By Israel Auerbach

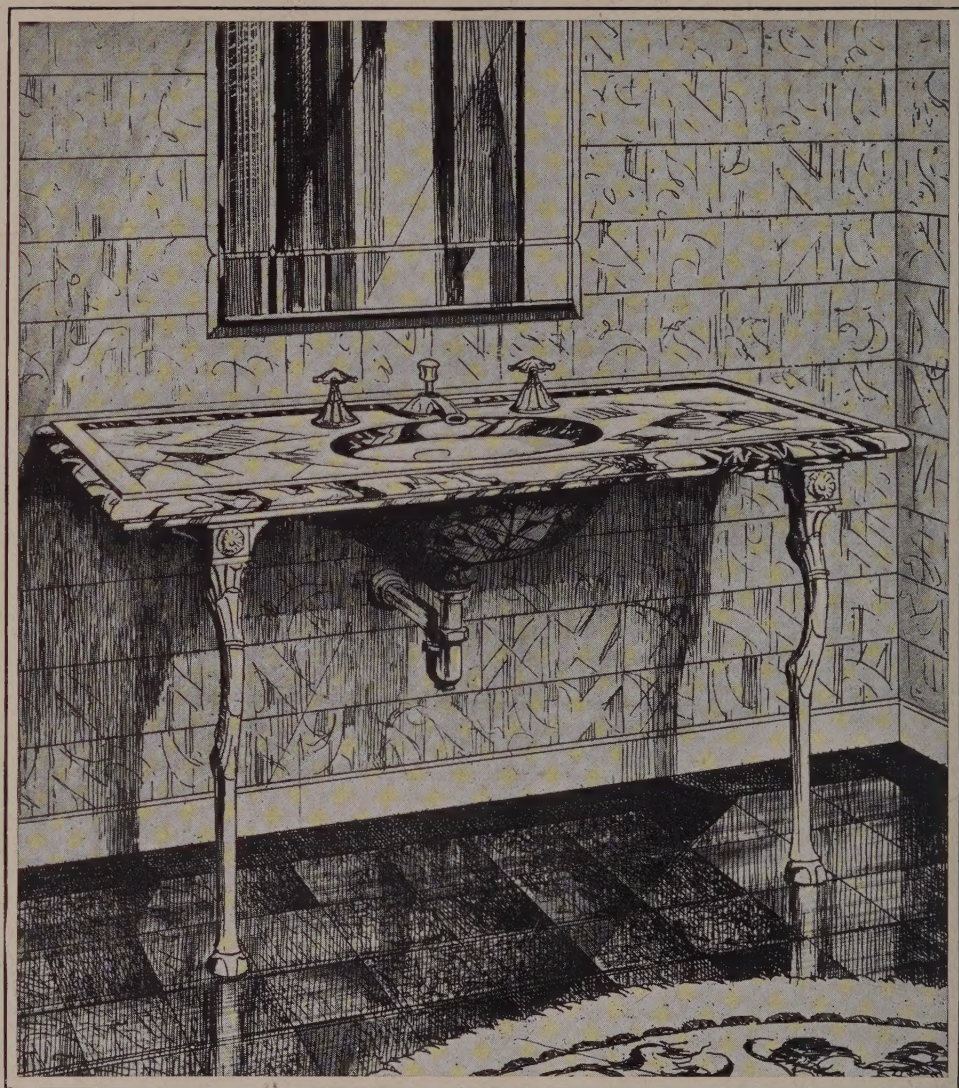
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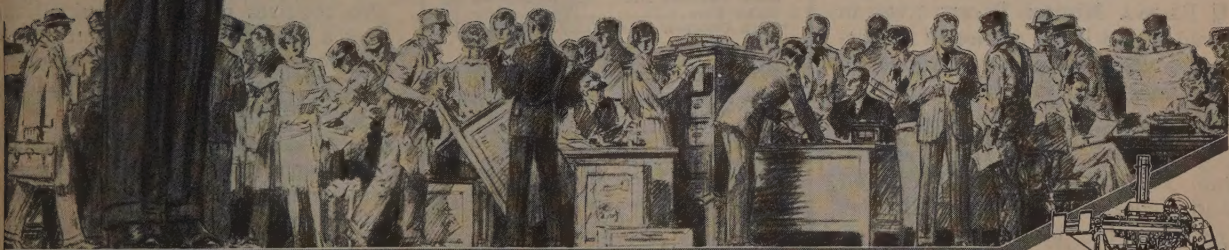
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Editor: Alfred M. Cohen. **Managing Editor:** Boris D. Bogen. **Associate Editor:** Alfred Segal. **Contributing Editors:** Max Heller, Samuel S. Cohon, Max L. Margolis, Felix A. Levy, David Philipson, Morris Fishbein and Martin A. Zielonka.

B'nai B'rith Magazine. Published monthly under the auspices of the Independent Order of B'nai B'rith at 118 S. Clinton St., Chicago, Ill. Subscription one dollar per year. Entered as second-class matter October 13, 1924, at the post office at Chicago, Illinois, under the Act of August 24, 1912. Acceptance for mailing at special rates of postage provided for in Section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized October 16, 1920.

All new subscriptions and all changes in address of subscribers and manuscripts should be sent to Dr. Boris D. Bogen, Electric Bldg., Cincinnati, Ohio.

Articles bearing the names or initials of the writers thereof do not necessarily express the views of the editors of the B'nai B'rith Magazine on the subjects treated therein.

The B'nai B'rith Magazine goes to members of the order for the nominal sum of fifty cents a year. Non-members pay one dollar a year. Although the magazine is the official organ of the Independent Order of B'nai B'rith, subscription to it is not compulsory. Members who do not desire to receive their magazine may relieve themselves of further subscription payments by sending a statement to that effect on their stationery to the editorial office.

Among Our Contributors

☐ MAX ROBIN is the author of numerous short stories and sketches depicting Jewish life in pre-war Russia. His work has appeared in various Jewish and non-Jewish publications.

☐ DR. ISRAEL AUERBACH is the Berlin correspondent of the B'NAI B'RITH MAGAZINE. He writes frequently on scientific, artistic and sociological subjects.

☐ MAURICE SAMUEL is best known as the author of "You Gentiles," and "I, the Jew." He has also written for various magazines. He is one of the leaders of the Zionist movement in America.

☐ REGINA MIRIAM BLOCH lives in London and is the author of numerous fantasies and monographs on historical and legendary subjects.

☐ DAVID SCHWARTZ has been a newspaper man in Macon, Ga., Washington, D. C., Cincinnati, Cleveland and Chicago. For the past five years he has been living in New York. He is an occasional contributor to Jewish and non-Jewish periodicals.

☐ MARGARET GOTTLIEB has written a number of sketches, short stories and articles for Jewish and general newspapers and magazines.

☐ HAROLD BERMAN is a frequent contributor to Jewish publications. He has written numerous sketches on colorful phases of Jewish life, past and present.

In Our Portfolio

☐ AMONG THE manuscripts in our portfolio are stories, sketches and articles dealing vividly with contemporary Jewish life in this country and abroad, from both an objective and subjective viewpoint.

☐ HENRY G. ALSBERG, whose work is well-known to the American-Jewish reading public, has written an informal essay under the title, "A Jew Builds a House," which is especially appealing because it is autobiographical.

"Jewish nerves are more delicate and more easily wrecked than those of Gentiles. Good, hard work that occupies the mind and excludes brooding, work with the hands that also requires mental concentration, goes a long way towards purging a Jewish soul of hyper-sensitiveness," says Mr. Alsberg in the course of his unique article.

☐ "EVER AFTER," by Samuel Schaefer is a poignant story of Jewish life in an out-of-the-way American small town.

☐ LAST YEAR, the Oze undertook to work in Bulgaria . . . In places where the Oze has already worked for a long period, considerable success has been attained . . . The death rate of the children in these communities has been reduced to the proportion that prevails in the best quarters of Berlin and London," says Dr. Julius Brutskus in his informative article on the Oze, an international Jewish health organization.

Jewish Calendar 5688

1928

| | |
|----------------------------|-----------------|
| Fast of Tebeth..... | Tues., Jan. 3 |
| Rosh Chodesh Shevat..... | Mon., Jan. 22 |
| *Rosh Chodesh Adar..... | Wed., Feb. 22 |
| Fast of Esther..... | Mon., Mar. 5 |
| Purim..... | Tues., Mar. 6 |
| Rosh Chodesh Nissan..... | Thurs., Mar. 22 |
| First Day of Pessach..... | Thurs., Apr. 5 |
| Eighth Day of Pessach..... | Thurs., Apr. 12 |
| *Rosh Chodesh Iyar..... | Sat., Apr. 21 |
| Lag B'Omer..... | Tues., May 8 |
| Rosh Chodesh Sivan..... | Sun., May 20 |
| Shavuoth..... | Fri., May 25 |
| | Sat., May 26 |
| *Rosh Chodesh Tammuz..... | Tues., Jun. 19 |
| Fast of Tammuz..... | Thurs., July 5 |
| Rosh Chodesh Ab..... | Wed., July 13 |
| Tisho B'ov..... | Thurs., July 26 |
| *Rosh Chodesh Elul..... | Fri., Aug. 17 |

5689

| | |
|-----------------------------|----------------|
| Rosh Hashonah..... | Sat., Sept. 15 |
| | Sun., Sept. 16 |
| Fast of Gedalia..... | Mon., Sept. 17 |
| Yom Kippur..... | Mon., Sept. 24 |
| Succoth..... | Sat., Sept. 29 |
| | Sun., Sept. 30 |
| Hashana Rabba..... | Fri., Oct. 5 |
| Shemini Azereth..... | Sat., Oct. 6 |
| Simchas Torah..... | Sun., Oct. 7 |
| *Rosh Chodesh Cheshvan..... | Mon., Oct. 15 |
| Rosh Chodesh Kislev..... | Tues., Nov. 13 |
| First Day of Chanukah..... | Sat., Dec. 8 |
| *Rosh Chodesh Tebeth..... | Fri., Dec. 14 |

NOTE: Holidays begin in the evening preceding the dates designated.

*Rosh Chodesh also observed the previous day.

THE B'NAI B'RITH MAGAZINE

The National Jewish Monthly

VOLUME XLII

September, 1928

NUMBER 12

Editorial Comment

A Picture of the Year 5688

WE bend ourself to the task of painting a panoramic picture of Jewish life in the world in the Jewish year just closing, 5688. Through our picture runs a stream to symbolize Jewish life, and we observe that this stream flows more freely than in former years; old obstructions of prejudices and problems have been reduced or eliminated. The stream flows peacefully through long stretches, with here and there a slight disturbance. But where does life flow undisturbed? Where among any people is there an even course of existence?

The voices of Jews are not lifted in agony but chiefly in controversies among themselves. In our picture are lovely buccolic scenes in which Jews are tilling the soil, as in Russia and Palestine; and if we turn our eyes in another direction we observe a scene not so peaceful, for Zionist statesmen are engaged in embittered quarrels. But this gives color and the atmosphere of vigorous life to the Jewish picture.

* * *

Painting our panorama of the year 5688 we find only one outstanding figure to put into it. He is Julius Rosenwald, strewing his millions over the earth almost every month of the year. We see him sowing \$5,000,000 at one time in the form of Jewish farms in Russia, and we see others following him for the purpose of raising the fund to \$10,000,000, of which 75 percent has already been assured.

Where 35,000 Jewish families have found peace and content on the soil of Southern Russia, many more are to be settled to join with them in the creation of a new and beautiful life.

There is a bit of shadow we must put into the background of this scene of Jewish life in Russia. This is the anti-Semitism that during the past year has been increasing within the boundaries of the Soviet Federation which, as we have been told, is a proletarian brotherhood dedicated to the principle of the essential unity of the toiling masses.

And yet it should be said in justice that the Soviet Government is vigorously combatting this recrudescence of a Czaristic plague.

* * *

Our picture becomes brightly luminous on the American side. This illumination shows the spirit of Judaism rising and filling the American scene with a new light.

Having fed the hunger and clothed the nakedness of its European brethren, American Jewry has turned

its eyes to its own languishing Jewish life; and in the past year there has been seen a revival of Judaism. Jewish education has assumed the importance that Jewish social service long held in Jewish life, and, indeed, Jewish social service has become the handmaiden of Jewish education. Whereas formerly Jewish education was a charge on the resources of individual synagogues, it has now in many places been made the obligation of the entire community; where formerly the town *shochet* was the mentor of Jewish education, the teaching of the Jewish young is now being placed in the hands of university-educated young men.

In the past year one read of drives for Jewish education in many cities; one read of costly synagogues rising to the glory of the Lord. It seems that American Jews are asking themselves: "Who shall occupy our costly synagogues when we are gone? Will we have successors if we fail to teach Judaism to our children?"

* * *

If one looks in our panorama for the familiar procession of the Zionists marching forever bravely toward their ideal, one sees new hands among those who are carrying the banners.

Palestine has ceased to be solely the cause of the Zionist Organization and has been made the charge of all Jewry under the Jewish Agency. The theory in regards to Palestine has become a condition. And the stream of Jewish life that once flowed feebly in the Holy Land has now become a flood. No Jew may now say, "Palestine does not concern me; it is only the cause of a minority party of Jewry."

* * *

The semblance of peace has fallen on the turbulent scene in Eastern Europe. In Roumania a new Government seems to be making sincere efforts to cooperate with the Jews to keep down anti-Semitism. In Poland the Jews gained a considerable share as a minority party in the Government during the past year. And in Hungary the Government has been making a pretense, at least, of lifting educational restrictions that were imposed upon the Jews.

Nowhere was there to be seen official anti-Jewish propaganda; and in Germany and elsewhere there was vigorous official action against anti-Semitic outbursts. But, though there is political comfort for Jews in Poland, there is still no little economic distress.

* * *

Such is the picture of the year 5688. On the whole it is good to look at.

A Yom Kippur Fantasy

IT WAS *Yom Kippur* and the souls of the Jews marched before the Most High, having arisen from their bodies that day.

Not that they were the souls of dead men; on the contrary, they were the souls of men who still walked on the earth; one was a merchant prince, another a scholar; one a cobbler, another a great manufacturer.

One was proud on the earth and the owner of many possessions; the other was humble and greatly worried about his affairs, and his back was heavy-laden with his burdens. And the proud rich man walked on the earth with his eyes turned inward, seeing only himself; and the humble poor one walked with his eyes on the ground.

* * *

But this day the merchant prince had closed his store, and he had gone to the synagogue and there his soul had ascended into the infinite spaces between the stars, and bowed before the Ruler of the Universe.

The manufacturer had cleansed from his hands the dust of his work. He was a mighty master in his shops, but now, standing as a naked soul, with all the pomp and might of his earthly being fallen away from him, he felt weak and humble.

The soul of the proud man, who saw only himself, diminished and was like a breath of wind in the universe and his eyes were dazzled by the glory of the Lord which he beheld, and he said, "There is One greater and more glorious than I. . . ."

The humble man had left his burdens on the earth and his soul felt strong when his eyes looked up and beheld the hand of the Almighty; and he touched it and it lifted him up.

The scholar had been proud of his wisdom and when he spoke his voice contained the ring of authority. But now his soul stood like a puzzled child wondering in the presence of mysteries.

* * *

Such was the pageant of the souls of Jews marching before the Most High on *Yom Kippur*. They were radiant with the effulgence that fell upon them from the Throne, and they seemed to be of the same Light as was God.

And they said to one another:

"We share in the glory of God.

"We are one with God.

"We are of one image with Him.

"God and the soul of man are one Light."

* * *

We have attempted here to express in the form of a parable the meaning of the high holidays—*Rosh Hashonah* and *Yom Kippur*. We are the only people that have holy days for the soul of man. We have ordained these days that the soul of man may leave its earthly encumbrances and appraise its place in the universe and understand itself as a reflection of the divine glory and govern its ways in accordance with that understanding.

If a man values himself as the reflection of the divine image must he not be a nobler man?

* * *

To be sure, it is the duty of man to make every day a holy day for his soul, but the body imposes its needs and its vanities and demands our services.

Blessed then are these holy days when the soul of man may march before the Most High and ask:

"Who am I?"

"And what am I here for?"

"And what may I do to be a worthy image of my Creator?"

* * *

In this season of the year, also, the soul of the Jew gives itself to memories of its humble past. We recall that we were wanderers on the earth and lived in huts and on *Succoth*, to commemorate the huts in which we lived, we build booths which we cover with the branches of trees through which the stars may shine—symbols of the divine light that was in the eyes of our fathers.

And on the last day of the *Succoth* feast we celebrate the completion of the year's reading of the *Torah*, and at once begin again with the first book—"In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth."

We conceive the *Torah* as an everflowing stream that refreshed our fathers in their travail and has sustained the life of the Jew even unto this day.

* * *

And thus in this season the Jew looks up to discern his role as a man and looks back to behold the grandeur of his history as a Jew.

* * *

Light in Jugo-Slavia

IN BALKAN Europe the palm for decency belongs to Jugo-Slavia of which Serbia is the nucleus. That country seems to have come out of the war without the spiritual and political diseases that afflict some of its neighbors.

In that country it is safe to be a Jew. Not so in Roumania. Bucharest puts on a Parisian veneer to conceal a barbarian character. In Roumania the rights of Jews have in fact, if not in law, been restricted. In Jugo-Slavia they have been enlarged. One reads that the Jugo-Slavian ministry of the interior recently adopted measures that will make it less difficult for Jewish aliens to acquire citizenship.

Jugo-Slavia has been conspicuous by the absence of any news reporting mistreatment of its Jews, a negative virtue, indeed, but a great distinction in an area which may have motor cars, telephones and radio, but is lacking in spiritual civilization.

* * *

Mosaic Laws and Cancer

IN THE *Torah* doctors, seeking the causes of cancer, I have found some light to illumine the darkness that surrounds this increasing disease.

Having studied the disease as it affects classes of people, they have discovered that Jews seem to be immune from certain forms of cancer. And, seeking further the reasons for this, they have concluded that the secret lies in the Mosaic laws of hygiene.

Jews, it was seen, are generally free of cancer in those organs of the body that are protected by the purifications required by the Mosaic laws.

"Local cleanliness, resulting in local freedom from chronic irritation, is the simple and life-saving explanation," writes Dr. C. E. Saleeby of London.

On the other hand, Jews are prone to cancer of the food canal. And why? "The Jews," says Dr. Saleeby, "are liberal eaters. Through excessive eating the food passages are abused and irritated."

"The contrast between the remarkable Jewish immunity in those parts of the body which Moses taught them to protect and in those which they abuse is as significant as anything that has been found in the study of cancer," the doctor concluded.

A Gift for the Spirit of Israel

MR. BEN B'RITH was drawing up his will. He had worked hard all his life and had amassed a comfortable fortune. Now he had come to the time when he must consider the best disposal of the wealth which he had so laboriously and honorably accumulated. He was alone in his office, having not yet called into consultation the lawyer who would give the document legal form. Ben B'rith was roughly sketching his will.

It was simple enough to dispose of the major portion of his estate. That went to his wife and his children; and he treated each of them alike, as is becoming to a father.

He was concerned now with those bequests by which a man leaves a portion of his heart on the earth, those philanthropies by which a man's good name survives on the earth for a while after he has gone.

While engaged in these reflections, he became suddenly aware of the presence of a young man standing before him. There was in him a certain aspect of grandeur; tall he was and stately and strong. In his eyes there was a vast depth as of one who had seen much and suffered much.

Ben B'rith surveyed the appealing figure.

"And what can I do for you, sir?" he inquired in that brisk way in which he greeted and disposed of callers.

"I am Israel," the young man replied.

No little was Ben B'rith astounded. He had believed Israel was very, very old, as old as Sinai, as old as Abraham.

"Israel is forever young," the visitor said, dispelling Ben B'rith's doubts.

"Your visit appears to be most timely," Ben B'rith observed. "I was just drawing up my will and—"

"I know, and I have come to advise you," the man interrupted.

"Naturally," Ben B'rith went on, "a man likes to leave something by which he will be remembered by his fellow-men."

"I quite understand. Why, then, don't you leave something of yourself?"

"Of myself?"

"Yes, something of your Jewish spirit."

The visitor, seeing the puzzlement of Ben B'rith, proceeded to explain:

"You see, my dear friend, I have lived in all the ages by reason of the portions of their spirits that Jews have left on the earth. I am the composite of the spirits of the multitude of the Jewish fathers. One left a portion of his spirit in the form of Jewish poetry; another left an example of martyrdom; another bequeathed a noble teaching; another left behind new light for the eyes of his people. In each of these gifts was the spirit of a Jew; and their spiritual estate is the spirit of Israel. I have lived only because in every century there have been Jews who have left a gift of their spirits by which I might live."

Ben B'rith was quite distressed.

"But," he inquired, "how am I to contribute anything to the eternal life of Israel. I do not write Jewish poetry, I have no opportunity for martyrdom, I am not a teacher. What, then, of value can I leave behind?"

Israel answered: "I have derived life not only from the great men but also from the humble ones. Every Jew who has helped Judaism to continue has given to my life. You may not write a great Jewish poem, my friend, but you may provide light for the eyes of the young that they may continue to walk in the Jewish way. You may be no teacher but you may help to provide Jewish teachers for the young. The light that you set for the eyes of the children shall be the portion of your spirit surviving on the earth."

"I am beginning to understand," Ben B'rith said. "You—"

The young man had vanished as suddenly as he had appeared.

* * *

Ben B'rith awoke.

"A most remarkable dream," he said, "and there is a great deal of truth in it."

He resumed the sketch of his will, writing as follows:

"I believe it is incumbent upon every Jew to leave a gift for the spirit of Israel that it may continue on the earth. I believe that the continuity of Israel hangs upon Jewish teaching and that by providing for such Jewish teaching a man may leave a good spiritual estate. I therefore give and bequeath the sum, to be hereafter named, to the Hillel Foundation of the B'nai B'rith which is dedicated to the purpose of educating for leadership in Jewish life the Jewish college youth of our land."

* * *

And this, as may be guessed, is written to suggest to those making wills to leave bequests for a permanent endowment fund for the Hillel Foundations. Such endowment would be insurance for the life of the Foundations as well as insurance for the continued activity of the Jewish spirit of those who give to it. Let the bequests be to the Independent Order of B'nai B'rith to be used exclusively for its Hillel Foundations.

* * *

The New Temple in Jerusalem

THESE two thousand years the Temple has been mourned by our most pious ones. And to this day, in the prayers of the morning, many of them call on the Most High to search their hearts and to see their desire to make sacrifices at the altar and to count that desire as if it were itself the sacrifice.

And each morning, unto this hour, they say: "May it be Thy will, O Lord our God and God of our fathers, that the Temple be speedily rebuilt in our days and grant our portion in Thy Law. And there we will serve Thee with awe, as in the days of old, and as in ancient days."

And this many of our pious ones have been saying for two thousand years.

And in the fullness of time Palestine was made again a homeland for Jews; and it was not a temple that was erected but a Jewish university, and it was not altars that were reared for burnt offerings to God but laboratories for the service of man.

So we read in last month's news that the Malaria Commission of the League of Nations has selected the laboratory of the Department of Hygiene of the Hebrew University as one of six laboratories for the study of certain phases of the malaria problem.

The Gifts of Mr. Naumberg

AARON NAUMBERG of New York, quite needless to say, was a Jew. When his will was opened last month it was found that he had left \$1,305,000 in public bequests.

The generosity of Mr. Naumberg's heart was not limited to one faith or race. He left \$250,000 to the Federation of Jewish Philanthropies, but he bequeathed \$150,000 to the Catholic Charities also. He remembered likewise with thousands of dollars the Holy Name Mission, the Society of Friends (Quakers), the Salvation Army and the Tuskegee Normal Institute for Negroes.

It seems that Mr. Naumberg conceived a common altar at which mankind is to be served. To this altar the prophets of all time and of all peoples have marched bearing banners of goodwill and peace and justice. The footprints of these prophets are not to be discerned one from the other for all walked in the same path, bearing their banners to the altar for the guidance of the people.

In this path Mr. Naumberg walked, and in these footsteps all the people would follow but for those who stand by the wayside to beguile them away by the falsehood of prejudice and bigotry.

* * *

Again: Just What Are We?

ONCE more the puzzling inquiry: What are we? Last month the World Union of Jewish Youth meeting in Strasbourg declared: "We do not regard Judaism as a religious creed in the sense in which this is understood by the western nations, that is, a collection of dogmas and practices which bind a group of individuals with the bonds of faith. If such had been the conception, we should have objected to its being applied to us, in whom the religious sentiment is lacking, and who, in perfect sincerity, do not think it necessary to have such a creed.

"Our Union is based upon the essential principle of the unity of the Jewish people, the only principle which places us in accord with historical reality and shows that the Jewish people possess a religion, morality, sociology, culture, literature, a tradition, in all of which the genius of Israel has asserted itself throughout the centuries. . . . It is the very first duty of every young Jew to prolong this history and to work hard to add to it new pages as we enter consciously and resolutely the grand stream of the Renaissance."

One might have answered them:

Glorious young Jews! It is enough that you are accord with Jewish consciousness, and that you realize yourselves as actors on the stage of a great history and that you are zealous to add good pages to the glorious record of your people.

But though you deny that you possess religious sentiment you owe your very being to the religious sentiment of your fathers. The history of which you are so proud is a history of suffering and death for religion. The martyrs going to the stake, often wrapped about them the Scrolls of the Law; when they were pillaged of all their possessions they were content if they saved the *Torah*; when they were

offered life in exchange for their faith, they chose death that Judaism might live though their bodies perished.

So the spirit of Judaism that has come down to you is a religious spirit. Jews may deny religious feeling, saying, "I am a cultural Jew," or "I am a national Jew," but the only reason they are here as Jews is that their fathers gave their lives to save their religion.

Would they have died merely for a culture, or concept of society or a literature? Was not their religion the soul of Judaism that survived after their bodies perished? Can Judaism continue to live without its soul?

* * *

The Life of Nathan Lampion

NATHAN LAMPION of New York was called a God-intoxicated man. He was a rare being in the American scheme of things. A most successful business man, he, nevertheless, found time for ardent devotion to Jewish learning. Engaged in many material affairs, he gave his leisure to striving for spiritual perfection. In an environment in which men accommodated their religion to business necessity, he remained true, in all things, to the Orthodox practice.

He brought to America from Russia, whence he came in 1877, a rich spiritual inheritance, for he came from a line of rabbis, and to this inheritance he was faithful in all his days.

Of the fortune that he built he gave generously for the perpetuation of the faith that he loved. On his seventieth birthday he gave \$200,000 to the Rabbi Isaac Elchanan Theological Seminary.

He died last month at the age of 74. His body is to be conveyed to Palestine to be buried beside the remains of his father.

"He takes his place in the unbroken line of Israel's faithful servants of God," said Dr. Revel, President of the Rabbi Isaac Elchanan Seminary.

* * *

We Dreadful Children of Israel

THE Jewish race is one of the religious minorities in this land which has made a deep dent in the public consciousness," says the *United Presbyterian* of Pittsburgh. "The Jew is intensely race conscious. He can not be assimilated. He is life's supreme egoist. His mentality is high. His prejudices are almost ineradicable. Religiously he is a formalist. His trend is toward rationalism. His tendency in the mass is socialistic and revolutionary. He is invincible in achieving his ends. Where he predominates in a community he is said to be as a rule intolerable as a neighbor. He is offensive in his almost total lack of thoughtfulness and consideration of the rights of others. His children are as a rule utterly lawless. A considerable number of his race escape from racial and traditional constricting influences and go out to bless all mankind with a surprising compassion."

These words do not hurt us, but they must hurt Christian men and women who believe in and practice the goodwill that their prophet preached and who are grieved when they see people of other faiths reviled.

These must be deeply offended when in the name of Christianity such things are said. We sympathize with them in their embarrassment.

The Beneficence of Prejudice

IS PREJUDICE, after all, a life preserver for the Jew? Would the Jew survive if there were no prejudice to keep him from being assimilated?

At last month's conference of the Fellowship of Reconciliation at Racine the opinion was freely expressed that prejudice has been a preservative not only for the Jews but also for other oppressed groups.

Thus, Rev. Mr. Reinhold Niebuhr of Detroit suggested that if the Jews were accepted by a tolerant majority in this country, without any social distinction whatever, they would in time be completely assimilated "and their racial distinction would entirely disappear."

This reminds us of the story of the martyr who was condemned to be burned at the stake. He walked to his death with no resentment against his persecutors. When the flames arose about him, he blessed them, saying, "Blessed are our enemies, who permit us never to forget that we are Jews. Blessed are their fires, whose tortures keep us mindful that we are Jews even to our last breath. Blessed are all who revile us, for in the day and in the night, on the road and in our houses they remind us that we are Jews."

And thus he died and the centuries passed and the Jews came at length to a certain ease of life, and their enemies no longer harassed them. And though the spirit of the Jew burned with a holy and undying fire in the centuries of persecution, it languishes in the time of comfort.

But once in a while an indifferent Jew attempts to crash the gate of an Adirondack hotel and is sent away, feeling himself to be a child of martyrs and aints.

"Blessed are those who revile us," said the dying martyr, "for they remind us we are Jews."

A Jewish Court in London

WE FEEL a certain special respect for 132 Jews in London. They had difficulties with one another. There were husbands and wives who had quarreled. There were landlords who had grievances against tenants and tenants against landlords, and maidens with broken hearts whose plighted lovers had broken their troth.

All had cases for the public courts, but in their difficulties all gave thought to the honor of the Jewish name, saying, "Will it be good for the Jewish name if we expose our troubles in the public courts? Will it not reflect shame on the Jewish name if we quarrel in public places?"

They took their controversies rather to the *Beth Din*, the court of the United Synagogue, and there, with the chief rabbi presiding and without the press looking on, these 132 brought their difficulties to an amicable settlement. This happened during the past year, and there were, besides, numerous minor cases thus settled.

To this court of the Jews, the civil courts frequently refer cases involving Jews; the departments of Government often consult the *Beth Din* on matters affecting Jews. And so jealously is the Jewish name cherished by those who go to this court for redress that seldom does any one appeal to the civil courts from the judgment of the *Beth Din*.

One may not like the judgment of the *Beth Din*, but for the honor of the Jewish name it is accepted. One may feel that there is no justice in the judgment of the *Beth Din*, and one may wish to protest. But to those who bring their grievances to this court the Jewish name is more to be loved even than oneself, and the judgment of the *Beth Din* is honored even if it is not liked.

The President's New Year's Greeting

WE ARE rounding out a year which, with all things considered, may be set down as a period for which we ought to be grateful. In common with all our fellowmen, we rejoice over the absence of catastrophes, epidemics and wars and for signs which are readily discernible of better understanding among individuals and peoples. The compact to preserve peace, just entered into by all influential nations, is a long stride in the right direction. It is entirely fitting that the movement should have emanated from American statesmanship sympathetically supported by the spirit of America.

Along with general better understanding has come lessened evidence of ill-will towards the Jewish people. Happily, it is so in all countries in which they live. Perhaps at no time, within the generations of those now living, has the lot of the Jew been as free from outside pressure as at present.

Thank God for the privilege of living in these happier days.

And now, grateful for what has been vouchsafed in the past, we look confidently and confidently forward, determined to do what in us lies to hasten the time when all men shall regard themselves as children of a common Father. Ill-will then can be no more.

To all the readers of the B'NAI B'RITH MAGAZINE, men, women and children, whether within or without the Jewish fold, I wish a year of life, health and contentment.

ALFRED M. COHEN,

President, I. O. B. B.

Cincinnati, Ohio.
September, 1928.

A Cross-Section of Jewish Life

Social Welfare



AUGUST 26th was an eventful day for the National Shelter Home for Jewish Children at Denver. That day saw the dedication of three noteworthy additions to this institution which is devoted to the dissemination of health and happiness. These are the Marion-belle Levie Playfield, a new \$100,000 hospital building and a new \$50,000 boy's dormitory.

* * *

H'A'OR (The Light) is the name of a new organization with headquarters in the Hias Building, 425 Lafayette St., New York. This organization is also known as the Oriental Jewish Committee of America. And its first undertaking will be the creation of a commission of experts to make a survey of the conditions of the Jewish communities in central and southern Asia, in order to formulate plans for improving these conditions.

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A SYNAGOGUE for prisoners, homes for girls, neighborhood and community centers, Young Women's Hebrew Associations, kindergartens and vacation camps are among the institutions owned and operated by the National Council of Jewish Women, through its various sections. Mrs. Julius Fryer of Cleveland, the National Chairman of the Council's Department of Social Service, recently stated that the buildings in which these institutions are housed represent an investment of over one million dollars.

* * *

THE Jewish Social Service Association of New York, organized in 1874, and known until two years ago as the United Hebrew Charities, made public last month an historical summary of Jewish life in the metropolis during the fifty-four years of the organization's existence. This report traces modern social service back to its origin at Oxford University and London.

SUNDAY night, August 12th, was "George Rabinoff Evening" at the Kirschbaum Center in Indianapolis, Ind. Public-spirited men and women of the Jewish community of that city came together to bid farewell to one who had been with them for years, lived with them and worked with them and helped them mightily to build a truly Jewish and broadly communal spirit in their city. Having completed seven years of service as head of the Indianapolis Jewish Federation, Mr. Rabinoff now has gone to New York City, where a wider field is offered for his activities.

* * *

FORMERLY the post office address of the Jewish Consumptive Relief Society of Denver was Sanatorium, Colorado. Now it is known as Spivak, Colorado. And the Administration Building of the Society is henceforth to be known as the C. D. Spivak Building. These changes were decided upon at a recent meeting of the J. C. R. S. There is sublime poetic justice in naming the home of the Society—Spivak, Colorado. It will be an echo and a light to future generations.

* * *

HE is State Treasurer of Wisconsin. And he is popularly known as "Uncle" Sol Levitan. He is an observing Jew, and he keeps abreast of all Jewish events in this country and abroad. He is a witty, jolly, delightful public speaker and a great joker. Recently he was initiated into the Winnebago tribe of Indians. He was given the name Tchay-ska-kah (White Deer) and was chosen Honorary Chief of the tribe. This is the first time that distinction has been bestowed upon a Jew.

* * *

A NUMBER of new views on the subject of amity and understanding between racial and religious groups were brought forward at the conference of the Fellowship of Reconciliation which was held at Racine, Wisconsin, last month.

Rabbi George G. Fox of Chicago, speaking before the gathering, declared that one of the most effective ways of combating prejudice would be to inculcate a respectful attitude towards all religions and races in the minds of school children.

Foreign



REPRESENTATIVES from Roumania, Poland, Lithuania, Austria, Germany, and Czecho-slovakia participated in the international conference of Maccabee sport clubs which was held in Bruenn last month. Herr Spiegler of Vienna, who presided, reported that American organizations are not yet ready to join the Maccabee Association because they think it is not firmly established.

* * *

THE effect of the Jewish back-to-the-soil movement in Russia will prove a decisive factor in the ultimate settlement of the Jewish question all over the world. . . .

"The Jewish land colonization in the Ukraine and Crimea is a valuable contribution to the sociological experiment going on within Russia. . . . The enterprise, guided by Americans, free from all political complications, and harmonious with the Soviet policy of granting cultural autonomy to the minority nationalities, should be successful. . . ."

These statements were made by Professor John Dewey, noted American philosopher, in an interview with Miss Betty Ross, American-Jewish journalist now visiting Russia.

* * *

FIGURES made public last month in Moscow give 2,600,945 as the Jewish population in the Union of Socialist Soviet Republics. According to this the Jewish population of Russia has increased less than 4 per cent since 1897. However, this does not take into consideration the tens of thousands who emigrated to the United States and other countries.

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AMERICAN swimmers who took part in the Olympic Games are participating in the Hakoah swimming contests which are being held in Vienna.

Religion—Education



JEWISH men in the United States Army, the United States Navy and in the camps and hospitals for disabled veterans will be granted furloughs for *Rosh Hashonah* and *Yom Kippur*. Orders granting these furloughs have been issued by the Secretary of War, the Secretary of the Navy and the Director of the Veterans Bureau. These orders were issued upon the request of Dr. Cyrus Adler, Chairman of the Army and Navy Committee of the Jewish Welfare Board.

Arrangements have also been made by the Board for the observance of the high holy days by Jewish men in the American Army and Navy in China, the Philippine Islands, Hawaii, Panama and Haiti.

* * *

KASHRUTH is becoming popular in this country. Several states have kosher laws. Hospitals have kosher kitchens. Big campaigns for public funds have kosher banquets. And now a kosher mess has been established for the Jewish boys in one of the largest Boy Scouts camps in the State of Illinois. This was announced recently by James E. West, Chief Scout Executive of the Boy Scouts of America.

The equipment for the kosher kitchen was supplied by the United Synagogue of America—one of the twelve national Jewish organizations affiliated with the Jewish Committee on Scouting.

* * *

A FASCINATING book of letters, constituting a record of a half century of fund raising, was recently compiled by the accountants of the Hebrew Union College. This book is something more than a mere matter of fact record; it is made up of many human documents.

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SEVERAL weeks ago Alfred A. Benesch, a member of the Cleveland Board of Education, discovered, and made a protest against, the presence, in the public schools of the city, in Ford's book, "The International Jew." The matter is being considered by the Board, and it is expected that it will be referred to a committee.

THREE Americans, representing the Union of American Hebrew Congregations, were elected members of the governing board of the World Union for Progressive Judaism which held its second annual convention at Berlin last month. They are Dr. H. G. Enelow, Rabbi of Temple Emanue-El of New York and President of the Central Conference of American Rabbis; Dr. Julian Morgenstern, President of the Hebrew Union College; and Mr. Leo Weil of Pittsburgh.

Dr. Claude G. Montefiore of England was re-elected President of the Union.

Dr. Enelow gave an optimistic report of the progress of Reform Judaism in America.

Mr. Ludwig Vogelstein, in behalf of the Union of American Hebrew Congregations, of which he is Chairman, invited the World Union to hold its next convention in the United States.

* * *

THE Jewish Brotherhood which was established last year by the Jewish students of the Citizens' Military Training Camp at Fort McKinley, Maine, was this year reorganized. Judge Max L. Pinansky, Acting Chaplain, was elected advisor. And Lawrence Appleman of Brookline, Mass., a student in D. Company, was chosen President. In all about 80 Jewish young men attended the camp this year.

* * *

"TELL the Jews to send their children to *Cheder*, to some institution where they can acquire a thorough and comprehensive Jewish education, not omitting Hebrew. Let the Jews do less philosophizing as to the future of American Judaism and more actual work for Jewish education, and you won't have to come to me to ask what I think of the future of Judaism in America."

This is the closing statement in an interview which Julius Rosenwald gave out to a representative of the New York "Day."

* * *

A HIGH distinction has been conferred upon Rabbi I. J. Sarasohn of Leavenworth, Kansas. At the invitation of the chaplain of the House of Representatives he pronounced the invocation for the special session of the Kansas State Legislature held recently. This was the first time that a rabbi uttered the prayer at an opening of that Assembly.

Miscellaneous



TO the veteran Zionist, to the Zionist who was in the movement before the War, the name of Prof. Otto Warburg will call up poetic memories, memories of the early, dreamy days of Zionism. Prof. Warburg brought to the movement a scientific outlook, a zeal for, and working knowledge of, colonization. That his worth and services were appreciated is proven by the fact that he was at one time President of the World Zionist Organization.

A few weeks ago Prof. Warburg reached the venerable age of seventy. And he is still working toward the realization of the ideal of his younger years. Quietly, unpretentiously, steadily he is doing research work at the Zionist Agricultural Experimental Station in Palestine.

* * *

PROVING himself a worthy scion of a great father, Isaac Israels, son of the famous painter, Joseph Israels, won a gold medal, the first prize at the art exhibit which was held in Amsterdam last month as part of the Olympic games. The winning picture is called "The Red Horseman." Another Jewish winner at these games was Miss Fannie Rosenfeld. She established a new record in running the winning lap of the 400 meters relay race.

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THE need for reopening the immigration of *Chaluzim* into Palestine was called to the attention of the Zionist General Council which met in Berlin several weeks ago. He'Chaluz, the international Palestine pioneers' organization, in urging this need, recalled the decision of the Fifteenth Zionist Congress to make possible an immigration of 15,000 Chaluzim during 5688—the year which has just closed. Actually only a small percentage of that number entered Palestine in the twelve months designated.

Thinking Aloud

By Urva Porah



IT IS announced that, under the title, "My First Two Thousand Years," there is about to be issued an autobiography of the Wandering Jew. But do we not already know the sad but proud story of the first two thousand years—that record of travail and slaughter and martyrdom and marvelous survival. Of far greater interest to the reading public must be the next two thousand years of the Wandering Jew, and, therefore, I am pleased to offer exclusively to the readers of this magazine the first chapter of the second volume of his autobiography, covering the period 1928-3928.

* * *

He writes as follows:

This being the year 3928 and 2,000 years having elapsed since the appearance of the first volume of my autobiography, which was printed in the year 1928, I deem it a public obligation to write a second volume.

Long ago I ceased my wanderings in a world that has become more just, and have settled down and acquired a certain stoutness of the body. I have carefully inquired into my present character and my state of mind, and purpose to state most frankly my conclusions.

The good woman, who is my wife, at times says to me "Salathiel, you do not seem to be the same individual you were 2,000 years ago. Then there was in you a certain variety. Today you are like anyone else."

* * *

These words hurt me deeply for I am conscious of their truth. In the ages of my wandering I acquired the variety of the nationalities among which fate cast me. Wherever I was permitted to stop awhile I took to myself some of the characteristics of my environment. An inhabitant, from time to time, of all the civilized lands of the world, I became a composite man, a unique personality among mankind.

I was at once Jew, Spaniard, German, Russian, Englishman, American, a rich amalgam, melted in the crucible

of the fires that I suffered. I was a spiritual composite of these, absorbing within my being that which was good in my environment.

It was a strange thing! Though I was feeble, my environment never assimilated me; it was I who assimilated the environment, remaining a Jew and yet constantly diversifying myself with characteristics indigenous to the land in which I happened to be sojourning.

I recall that 2,000 years ago it was often said to me, "Why are you so different from the rest of us? Your qualities are unlike those of any other man on the earth."

I felt these reflections most keenly and at times longed for an assimilation that would absorb me into the body of the rest of humanity. I was weary of my wandering, little realizing then that in my wandering was my life as that unique being called the Jew.

* * *

The ages passed and I became comfortably settled. At first it pleased me that when I walked on the streets there was no longer any shouting, "Jew! Jew!" which for so long a time had distressed me in the years of my wandering.

It was my custom, upon hearing such outcries, to flee into doorways, being afraid in some ages and ashamed in others. In centuries prior to 1928, it was always fear that seized me at the cry of "Jew!" but after that it was shame.

I recall an incident in Spain in the fifteenth century when at the cry of "Jew!" I was seized and brought before the Inquisition later to be burned. I recall another incident in the twentieth century, in the Adirondack mountains of America, when upon being detected as a Jew I was summarily dismissed from a hotel.

* * *

The words of my good wife on that occasion are still in my ears.

"Salathiel," she said, "being a Jew is a burden," and I could feel the blush on my own cheeks as I recalled the

reproachful look of the hotel clerk as he informed me that Jews were not desired in his hotel.

Consequently, in these later centuries, recalling such incidents, I have felt no small measure of relief in the knowledge that I was enjoying immunity from those shames and fears that I felt in former ages.

But, alas, I have now come to certain doubts, and I say to myself regretfully at times, "They no longer know me as the Jew."

* * *

Wandering and stopping awhile here and there, I assimilated my environment; now stationary, I am assimilated by my environment. I am conscious that I am no longer the kaleidoscopic mixture of several civilizations, the interesting human composite, the symbol of spiritual unity; for had I not absorbed something of the spirit of many peoples. I am, as the good woman says, like anyone else.

Though in other ages, especially on those occasions when I was dragged before the Inquisition and when I was dismissed from the Adirondack hotel, I longed to be like anyone else, today I ask myself, "As the spiritual fusion of many nationalities was I not, a richer being? As a distinctive personality was I not a worthier individual, enriching mankind?"

My static environment has conquered me and I am no longer different, and I feel that my days as a Jew are numbered, and this writing may be my farewell to mankind. By my differences I lived, for these guarded me from assimilation.

* * *

But, lo! I have seen social victories! Were we not admitted to an Adirondack hotel last summer; and my wife has high hopes that shortly we will be admitted to the membership of a most fashionable country club!

"Salathiel," she exclaims, "after all the centuries!"

But I answer her, "What price glory!" having in mind a play I witnessed in the twentieth century.

Help Regenerate Russian Jewry

By James N. Rosenberg



HE Jewish colonization work in Russia is no longer an experiment. The record of the Agro-Joint during the past five years is one of solid achievement. It is a record about which there can be no controversy. It is a record which has silenced all criticism and gradually won over the opposition.

Jewish colonization work in Russia is no longer to be carried on as a semi-philanthropic enterprise. It is to be put on a firm business foundation of a nature that will appeal to all progressive citizens. It is a sound investment in the finest type of social reconstruction. It is an investment in the promotion of economic stability among a large group of uprooted Jews. It is an investment in self-respect to be gained by Jews everywhere through the reorganization of one of the most troubling Jewish settlements in Eastern Europe.

Julius Rosenwald's subscription of \$5,000,000 to the newly-organized American Society for Jewish Land Settlement Work in Russia was motivated largely by these considerations. In accepting the honorary chairmanship of the new organization, Mr. Rosenwald drew the line between his past contributions and his present subscription, in a very unmistakable manner. He stated in his message to me: "The colonization work in Russia affords the greatest possibility that has ever come to my notice to aid so large a group of human beings with a comparatively small investment."

The scores of thousands of Russian Jews engaged in agriculture in the United States, the Argentine, Palestine and elsewhere stand as living proof of the soundness of our undertaking.

We propose to place 25,000 families of similar human material upon the soil in Russia, men and women bursting with energy, aching for opportunities to build for themselves a new life, yet barred from the United States by our immigration laws and barred from the Russian non-agricultural fields of endeavor by the prevailing social and economic system.

Here is a truly unique investment. It is unique because we invest in cash but one-quarter of the total resources required to promote the undertaking. It is unique because what we invest is

but an insignificant contribution as compared with the efforts and sacrifices made by the noble Russian-Jewish pioneers on the steppes of Southern Russia. For these pioneers are building not only new homes for themselves, but a new reputation for the Jew in the world.

This new reputation is really a revival of the ancient reputation of our people. The rebirth of the Jew on the land today harks back to the pastoral origins of the Hebrew race. When the Jew takes up agriculture, he returns to the occupation of his ancestors. But he also redeems his position among the peoples of the world. As a tiller of the soil, he frustrates the accusation often leveled against him of being non-productive. The Jewish farmer is a challenge to all defamers of the Jew.

The American Jews are called upon to put up \$10,000,000. In fact, it is but \$5,000,000, for Mr. Julius Rosenwald has provided one-half already. To be more exact, the American Jews are required to put up but \$3,000,000 for Mr. Warburg and a dozen other individuals have already supplied \$2,000,000 of the remaining \$5,000,000. Among the most recent contributions are: \$25,000 by Mr. Ben Selling of Portland, Oregon; \$10,000 by Mr. Max Senior of Cincinnati, Ohio; \$5,000 by Messrs. Meier and Frank of Portland, Oregon; and \$5,000 by Mr. A. S. Lavenson of Oakland, California.

To match this, the Russian Government has agreed to provide \$10,000,000. And it has agreed to furnish land valued at another \$20,000,000. The value of the land cannot be measured in gold, for it is the last available fertile area in European Russia. What an opportunity and what an investment! This is indeed a unique moment in the Jewish Diaspora. What government in the past nineteen centuries has offered such extraordinary opportunities to the Jewish people? It is one thing for a government to issue manifestos, to proclaim diplomatic friendship for the Jew, to defend him politically. That may be a very great service, indeed. But at best it is never a sacrifice. It is another thing for a government actually to set aside valuable tracts of land for Jewish settlers. It is even a greater thing, perhaps an unprecedented act, for a government to appropriate from its treasury—

which in the case of Russia is none too full—funds for the creation of a Jewish agricultural class.

It is in the nature of reconstruction to lack pathos and to fail to arouse public emotions. Send to the Jew word of a pogrom, and he will stir. Tell him of epidemics, famines, fires and other holocausts and he will cry to heaven, digging into his purse to appease his conscience. But to build a barn is not to clothe a widow. To raise cattle and poultry and crops is not to feed orphans and to minister to the sick. Yet it is the widows and the orphans and the sick of yesterday who are finding new life and new hope in the fields of Crimea and the Ukraine today.

The Russian Jew today does not suffer from sudden calamity. His misery, when viewed from abroad, lacks color. A terrible routine is his daily lot. In the congested small town he is languishing in chronic unemployment. His future there is a hopeless void. He is not dying dramatically through massacre or famine. His death in the city and town is a slow, drab extinction. And the daily lot of the pioneer on the soil is hard drudgery, relieved only by the knowledge that American Jewry is behind him to the end.

The wheat-laden fields of the 180 new Jewish villages in the Ukraine and Crimea are teeming with a new-born energy, thanks to the promise of American Jewry. In the hearts of all forward-looking Jews in America there stirs a new-born pride in the promise of a powerful Jewish agricultural class. This promise is not speculative in character. The 180,000 Jewish farmers in Russia stand back of it. The 135,000 new settlers of the last five years lend their endorsement to it. The entire Russian Jewry, without distinction as to party and class, sponsor it. The Soviet Government's faith in it has been demonstrated in a very tangible and sizable form. The promise of the new Jewish farmer has been made good in the form of initial repayments on account of the loans advanced to him by the Agro-Joint.

The Jew who cultivates the soil in Southern Russia cultivates not only wheat but also the mind of the whole world as to the productive capacity of our people.

FIRES



Illustrated by Harry Rude

By Max Robin

FIRE, fire, fire! The whole town has been roused. Fire! The fire brigade is out. *Tira—tira—tira*, the wheels go clattering over the streets. What spirited horses! The invincible courage of the men! Their brass helmets gleam in the sun, dazzle the eye. Golden hats, imported from Germany, which no fire will dissolve. Fire, beware!

The three casks of the intrepid brigade have left a trail of water over the streets they have passed. What if they soon will be empty? Well, the brass helmets—they may be relied upon then.

Fire, fire! But where is the fire? Go, ask! One thinks it's a house in the new part of the town, another is certain it's a barn in the old that is burning. Let it be this, or let it be that, but let there be something. Let it burn!

Their sleeves tucked away, the arms of some pasted up to the elbow with dough, housewives come out in the alley and street. "What—What,—what happened?" Eyes twinkle, tongues rattle and splash. "Well—well—well,—so how did it turn out?" The fire? Which fire? It's domestic affairs that are being discussed, conveniently another's, rarely one's own—and the fire may rage! Burn, fire, burn! Burn brightly, burn joyously and big.

What of the boys? Not a mother's son, if there is life in him, is to be found in the house. The bells and the wheels were too much to resist. A fire! Fires of childhood. Chuni rushed out. "Hey, Shmulke, are you coming?" A question! Need it be answered? Who can run faster? How they race—no worse than the Gentiles! It's good for the legs of these Jewish young lads—though not for their shoes. But few of the boys who run after fires wear shoes in the summer.

A-ha! Volunteers. One is buttoning his coat to the neck as he sets out at a smart pace from the open door of the tavern, another is tilting his student's cap jauntily, a Jewish youth, hankering for adventure, pining for distinction, burning with the zeal of self-sacrifice.

And here comes the newly appointed fire chief. He is a dark flash of a man, with an air of importance, rendered redoubtable by his savage eyes and vicious mustache. He has been loaned to the local administration by a town in Poland with an unpronounceable double name, where not a fire was said to have proved unconquerable during the six years of his reign. His success here is still to be proven; meanwhile that small place with the long name in Poland

is yet to be heard from. He sits immobile in his carriage, the chief does disdaining to notice the Jews who have stopped to gape after him and his mare of deep chestnut.

The fire fighters are gone; the town is left unprotected. But where, where is the fire?

"Sha, sha, I'll tell you," one Jew may be heard enlightening another, "it's the river—the river is burning!"

But the jest is too hoary to bring a smile to any face but the informant's. And he laughs because no one else does. A child or two may, however, be seen riverward bound, for reasons which are never made known.

Then the news begins to spread—the priceless news. A scandal—truly a scandal. For it isn't the river, nor even a barn that is burning, but the soot of a chimney—the chimney atop Baruch Shmeel's roof! And for this, a fairly civilized community, consisting of so many wise Jews and Jewesses, of police officials, tradesfolk and priests had been disturbed from its peaceful habits, and been distracted from its normal pursuits of a quiet day in summer!

The chimney, a poor specimen, which for more than half a century has been exposed to every weather, till it was bowed with weariness and grief, had been bandaged with a wet

rag by the most expert Gentile firemen, much after the manner of an aged woman afflicted with a headache. This task done, the heroes are preparing to depart.

Not so their chief. His duty it is to investigate and fix the blame. But investigate in this case! At least, he might find out who reported the fire. Who did? Not a soul dares to make answer. Till a Jewish volunteer, reputed to be gifted with a greater sense of humor in his left sleeve than has the chief in his entire cranium, suggests that it was the policeman stationed in the neighborhood who, no doubt, gave the alarm.

So it was again that donkey Koziavkin—should have thought of him sooner! But where is Koziavkin? The diminutive chief fumes. The life of the policeman seems not to be worth a copper. He's nowhere to be seen. And the town is wholly without the protection of its "police force."

"May I submit that this may be the hour when policeman Koziavkin slips away home to snatch his noon-day nap and meal. Mr. Koziavkin," the volunteer continues, "enjoys the enviable reputation of being a home-loving citizen of regular habits."

The fiery chief will not be appeased. He will settle his account with that old camel at headquarters. He will take matters into his own hands if the police chief will not, or can not. His eyes blaze. But the blame—that still remains to be fixed.

And here, suddenly, he perceives a way out. Audrey—that blackguard Audrey was on the watch-tower! Had the eyes gone out of the rascal's head? He utters a rather pungent phrase in Polish. The resourcefulness of the enraged man is prolific.

Humbled, degraded, the picture of disappointment, firemen, volunteers, horses and chief follow a dreary homeward trail. The chief may drown his sorrow and dissipate his abundant energy by calling in the evening at the home of the druggist, also a Pole, but not before he has vented his spleen on the blackguard Audrey W. And a Jewish volunteer will perhaps have a tale with which to regale his friends at the teahouse.

Degraded or not, the united company will, as soon as occasion offers, be out on full dress parade. The day will be appropriately fair, and slowly

the formidable service vehicles will wend their way along the crowded streets. The firemen, their brass helmets gleaming, will again look important. Koziavkin, the policeman, whose undisputed specialty consists of giving the alarm of smoking chimneys and whose fidelity to his family has already been proven, will be on hand to preserve order. But the chief Murashkevich, riding alone in his excellent equipage, with his singular mustache poised for a triumph, will not deign to notice him then. The fire brigade will parade in force, filling the peaceful town with wonder and

that height. Why not sometimes take up these curious children for a view of the world? The lonely figure is gone from its post when the snow settles thick on the sky-high platform, and the tower is no longer red.

A fire breaks out. Where? It seems on this side of the bridge, within the city limits. A policeman, clutching with one hand his sword, with the other motioning nervously to the sentinel, comes running toward the station. The alarm has been given, and the town presently awakens to the clang of bells and the clatter of wheels. But the fire hasn't been waiting, and who knows, by the time the firemen arrive no more than a few smoking timbers may be left of the house, with the owner sitting despondently on a bundle, her children listless at her side.

Some fires do take their time and wait for the firemen. Others, indeed, wait long, and long after they have arrived. The water in the casks is soon exhausted, and the task of refilling is tedious and slow. What if the river is far? The flames playfully mock the firemen's efforts.

The hand-pump occupies the centre of the scene. It is manned by an army of ever-willing youngsters, who have come here from every part of the town. To prolong the excitement! Let the whole town burn! Of course, let it burn! What fun! A fireman in a brass helmet, a veritable Napoleon on the field of battle, is shouting orders at the top of his voice, and the boys pick up the rhythm. The firemen are in the burning house. Where else should they be? But there is no saving the house and for many months its charred remains will be left to deface the street.

But the men, their faces blackened, their coarse uniforms reeking with smoke, return home like conquerors, and not so soon will the marks of valor be washed from their noses and cheeks. Unobserved, many of the boys have smeared their faces with soot, and now they, too, will have tales to tell.

In emergencies the water carriers are commissioned into service. They may be awakened at any hour of the night, and sometimes an unfortunate Chaim or Yankil is to be seen driving toward the river on a Saturday.



*The Chimney Has Been Bandaged
With a Wet Rag*

awe. May no fire, false or genuine, be reported that day!

Fires in a small town in the Ukraine are amusing, and often tragic. In the centre of the town the police station stands, a red tower surmounting its roof. Look up, and you will see a platform, and on the platform a figure, which appears to you slight, in motion. It's the sentinel. He is there in cold weather, pacing about in a shabby cloak. And children often wonder how far he can see from

Not all Jews will overlook this transgression—even if God may.

The excitement is great in the home where the fire breaks out. The wife wakes the husband. "What—where? Let's go!" cries he. He sits up. He stares. "Take Lehe, take Laibke!" the woman moans, a child in each arm, but the husband, still muttering, keeps pulling one shoe atop of another.

A pillow has been thrust through the window; a boy with a black hen follows. One bewildered old woman is dragging a bucket, from which the bottom has fallen. The street is lit by the flames; across the way the windows reflect the illumination. The firemen are still due. In the late hour the crowd has been slow in assembling. But now the first volunteer arrives, and like a demon he forthwith dashes into the blazing house.

Some fires spread with the swiftness of a pestilence, whole blocks are demolished, the confectioner's burns as bright as an oven; the drug store is doomed, and the schoolhouse is menaced. Much to the delight of the youngsters, a holiday has been declared. It seems good for a week; unknown faces appear; there is talk of looting; and one hears of arrests.

The sky is red, the atmosphere pungent, tense. Officials come and go; some bring their wives. The streams of water poured out at intervals only enhance the flames. On distant balconies people sit and talk in gay, sometimes tremulous, voices. A wind rises, carrying cinders and smoke. Fresh fires start on many roofs. Now only God can save the town; it's all in his hands. For weeks the smoke will pollute the air; it will contaminate the food and the water.

A woman is returning home from the market-place. It's the end of the day. Evening is close. And on the way the woman hears the cry of

"Fire!" Presently she catches sight of a glow in the fading sky.

"A misery on my head if it isn't!"

But it's a stable nearby, and not her home, that is burning. Poor Alter—Rivin! Not a horse on the road; all of them will perish. Try to drag a horse from the fire. Well, the mascot was saved. Wise buck!

A husky fellow is hired to chop up the carcasses and cart them away. A job for a man! And still he eats. How? A Gentile's appetite. Jews marvel, but do not look.

It's night—late, and a murmuring



A Boy With a Black Hen Follows

rises in the yard. What can it be? A head is put out of the window. On the incline a little group stands gathered. Fugitive voices beckoning Jews out at such an hour! It pays to go out and see what's happening.

And there is something to see. The horizon is full of color!

"Good evening! What's going on?"

Obviously enough a village is burning.

"Afraid to wake us up sooner? What if the fire were near?"

The most vital questions seem to have been disposed of. Now there is discussion as to which village it is that is burning. Three names have so far

been suggested. But surely the firemen will not go to any of these places. How familiar Jews are with matters pertaining to government and law, politics at home and abroad.

Why not start out to see where it is? A village afire is a sight to remember. The desolation, the isolation amid fields and woods, in the thick of the night. And the peasants valiantly fighting the fire with sand.

The group on the hill keeps talking. One claims to hear voices, coming from the unnamed village. Jews stand, scratch their elbows, breasts. One yawns, another joins him. A curious incident of a fire is being related by a traveling man. He has seen the world—been in Kiev! What a city! Water is pumped from pipes that run underground. People, with tense and serious faces, listen till a story is started of a fire—a genuine Sholom Aleichem story.

And the village keeps burning. The glow on the horizon is deepening. The watchers are awed by the night and the fire. "God's work; He takes and consumes entire villages."

Suddenly a fiery tip moves up in the sky, no one in the group speaks. They all look. And the tip mounts and grows.

"If it isn't the—" one begins to guess cautiously, without yet trusting his vision.

A young voice is first to laugh out; now all the Jews talk and laugh together. It's the moon, sure enough! Huge, with one side flattened, it seems dazed as it lingers over some woodland or field.

It's chilly! The older Jews shake themselves, yawn blissfully, and slowly descend to their homes. As they enter the kitchen, they dip the tin can in the vat; they drink long, drink silently, while the drops drip with a ring from the can. The bed has grown cold, and as one huddles into it one groans with delight.

Leonid Pasternak—A Joyous Artist

By Israel Auerbach



The Artist and His Wife



LIKE innumerable of his Russian compatriots, Pasternak, at the prime of life and at the height of his creative powers, was uprooted by fate from his native land, from his distinguished position, and from a secure existence, and cast adrift in a strange land. But whoever sees this artist, if only for a moment, will be struck by his tall, erect figure and the gay, triumphant expression of his vivacious face. And he will realize instantly that in this case no dark, crushing tragedy is involved, that here is a man who has made his way in spite of a strange environment and in the face of a trying fate.

And why not? Pasternak was not driven out nor exiled; he left Russia of his own free will. The Bolsheviks, who are so bent on encouraging and developing the art of their country (whether impelled by a true cultural urge, or to strengthen their prestige, is beside the point) would have retained Pasternak as professor of paint-

ing at the Moscow Art Academy, a post which he had held since 1894, but he chose to depart. He parted on friendly terms with the new Russian authorities, whom he had sketched often enough, previously, while they were engaged in open political conferences, or in confidential sessions. Should he wish to return to his native land, perhaps no one would prevent his doing so, for he has left behind him his son Boris, who is considered one of the most important poets of the new Russia.

But Pasternak does not contemplate returning. The reign of asce-

ticism in Moscow is in fundamental opposition to his own philosophy of art, and the new environment in which he now finds himself is in reality not strange to him. It leads him back to the memories of his youth, to the period of his greatest development. For Pasternak, who was born in Odessa in 1862 and received his first drawing instruction there and later completed his first academic art course at the Moscow Art School, served a most fruitful apprenticeship at Munich. Here he encountered modern impressionism which has exerted a lasting influence upon his technique. Therefore, when, in 1921, he migrated to Germany, he found himself among old colleagues and friends, the greatest and most renowned of whom was Louis Corinth who died recently. Characteristic of this friendship are their portraits of each other, those two splendid portraits in which each one, in the classic manner, hands the other down to the ages. Pasternak's painting of Corinth, has been designated by one of the foremost German art critics as "one of the most excellent portraits by a contemporary which I have seen throughout my long career," while another described it as "a testimony to an unusual human phenomenon."

The artist early displayed his gift



Bialik and Frischmann in Conversation

for portraiture. At the age of 27, his "A Letter from Home" brought him great distinction; the picture was bought by the Tredjak Gallery. His fame grew with the appearance of his "Prayer in the School of the Blind" (1890); and his "Students Before Examinations" was awarded the Gold Medal at Munich, after which it was shown at various places, ending up in the Luxembourg Museum at Paris. At this period Pasternak did not consider the individual alone as of the greatest importance, but depicted him in his

his promising sons, and his charming daughters.

But, it was Tolstoi (one of the great friends of this Jewish painter), with such a rare combination of the spiritual and the physical in his personality, who attracted Pasternak's attention to the artistic value of the individual, standing alone, absorbed in his own thoughts. He sketched the Sage of Yasnaja-Poljana countless times, and these portraits give the most striking impressions of this great man. Deep, repressed suffering, the child-

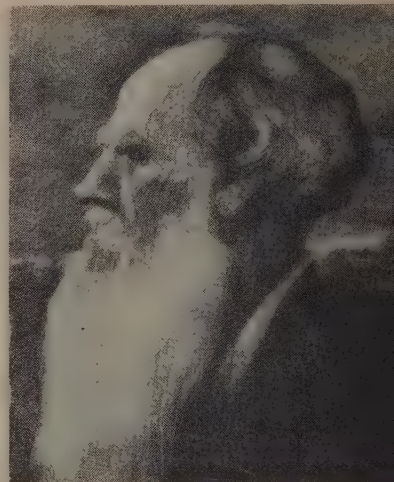
like simplicity of the peasant, bold, rugged strength, and the eyes of the seer directed heavenward — all this is expressed in the portraits of the modern prophet. Compare this with the gentle grace of the Chaliapin portraits or with the agreeable breadth and warmth of the sketch of the philosopher, Hermann Cohen, at the Market Place in Marburg, and you will realize the deep sympathy and understanding which this artist possesses for his subjects.

Pasternak's portraiture continues to be ever finer and deeper, culminating in like-

nesses of such surpassing inner truth as those of the Orientalist, Harnack, of the Jews, Frischmann, Bialik, Sokolow, Tschernikowski, and in that immortal vision of the aged painter, Corinthus, who, with the breath of death upon his neck, is still passionately absorbed in his work, an indomitable artistic urge guiding his brush.

His portraits of Jewish poets and authors indicate that Pasternak does not belong exclusively to the Russian cultural world, (even though he was regarded as the leader of modern Russian art), nor only even to the wider sphere of artistic Europe, as exemplified by his work in Munich and Berlin, but that he has always been also in close contact with the Jewish

intellectual world, whose modern leaders he has portrayed with as much feeling as he has Tolstoi or Harnack. Jewish themes and problems have always interested him and his "Kles-

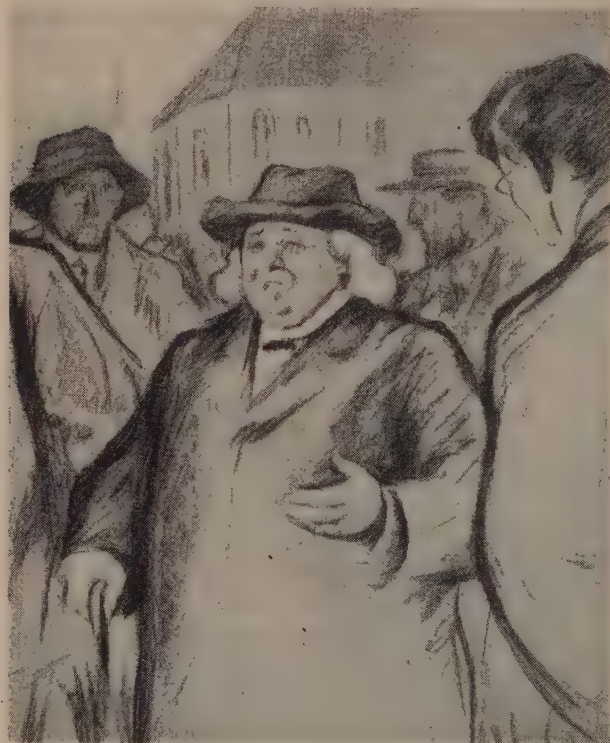


Tolstoi

mer" has become world-renowned as a living symbol of the Eastern ghetto Jew brooding over his bitter lot. What is less known is the fact that Pasternak also made a study of Jewish types and scenes as represented in art; that he undertook a thorough research of Rembrandt's works; and that, in collaboration with a prominent German authority on art, he published in Hebrew and Russian an excellent book containing fine reproductions of all Jewish pictures of the classic Dutch master.

One can, therefore, guess what it must have meant to Pasternak, both as an artist, and as a Jew, to receive the invitation of the Zionist Organization to participate in an expedition to Palestine, in order to "capture" the Holy Land with his artist's eyes. "Eagerly his eyes absorbed the charm of color, the mingling of the old Oriental and the new Jewish life, the silent ruggedness of the heroic landscape," so comments the art critic, Max Osborn. Pasternak painted and sketched with holy zeal. "An inner exultation surged within him. A whole host of new impressions crowded into his consciousness." One must see the portfolio with its countless black and colored sketches, which Pasternak brought back from *Eretz Israel*, in order to form an idea of the heat of enthusiasm and the creative joy with which he worked there. It is almost inconceivable that two human hands could have conjured up in such a short period of time so many pictures. And it is not only the number, but the

(Continued on Page 406)



Hermann Cohen

spiritual relation to his environment, in his intimate circle, in the midst of his milieu. This is borne out in his "Chaliapin Among Artists," "Tolstoi in His Family Circle," "Tolstoi and the Philosophers," but especially in the famous series of illustrations of Tolstoi's works; in 1899 of the deluxe edition of "Resurrection" and in 1902 of "War and Peace." It is said that the author wept at the sight of the picture of the "Flogged Man." The same inclination to represent groups of people is evinced in countless products of Pasternak's brush and crayon, for which his own family served as subjects, which portray the artist himself with his wife, his wife and an infant,

Jewish Pride and Chauvinism

By Maurice Samuel



YOU will never meet a Jewish chauvinist—or any other kind—who does not believe that he has inherited the credit for the achievements of his people. Hence the touchiness and irritability of the chauvinist; he considers an insult to himself, an insult to the Jews, and an insult to the Jews an insult to himself. His stock-in-trade, his patent of nobility, is a list of names, which begins with Moses and ends with Einstein. He looks upon the greatness of the Jewish people as a personal achievement of his.

An obscure French soldier by the name of Nicholas Chauvin has achieved universal fame and immortality by supplying the western world with a much-needed word. But the vice is not French. It is universal: wherever men are uncertain of themselves, and want to make a noise in the world without having anything to say, they fall to praising their people in furious and exaggerated terms. They kill two birds with one stone: the people who listen with pleasure take the praise as a compliment to themselves, and applaud joyously; but the chauvinist adds his own applause to that of the audience, and takes it all for himself.

The chauvinist, besides making a personal nuisance of himself commits two wrongs: by exaggerating the virtues of his people, he makes them ridiculous, just as any good argument can be made ridiculous by an unscrupulous dialectician who carries it to an illogical extreme. And by associating himself to these virtues he swears off more sensible people who would hate to share them with him.

Between the Jewish chauvinist and the healthy-minded Jew there is this difference: the former takes Jewish pride to mean that he epitomizes the greatness of his people. The latter takes Jewish pride to mean that he comes of a stock which has set a high standard, and he would like to live up to it.

As a rule the chauvinist is ignorant, for if he knew something of universal history he would also know that the stories of the nations are filled with marvelous and thrilling incidents and personalities. And if he is not ignorant he is base, for he has not responded to the best in the annals of mankind.

At the other extreme from Chauvi-

nism is found an excessive humility which expresses itself in an anxious imitateness. Both extremes spring from a personal inferiority complex; in the first case the sufferer tries to compensate by noisiness; in the second case he tries to compensate by flight. Both cases lead to intellectual dishonesty, as all complexes do; the first dishonesty is evident in the belief of the chauvinist that he can gather rewards for something he never did; the second dishonesty is evident in the statement of the Jew who says: "I refuse to give my affection to the people into which I was accidentally born; I love all humanity," when what he really means is that he is equally indifferent to all human beings.

An instance of the latter I find in the statement of a famous Jewish anthropologist who, asked to interest himself in Jewish affairs, replied: "The world is too big and the times are too great for any man to interest himself in his people." This sounds as sensible as the plea: "The world is too big, the times are too great, for any man to interest himself in his father and his children."

I distrust the Jew who has never been thrilled by the greatness of other peoples. But I also distrust the Jew who is everything but himself; who one day dissolves in tears for the mystic soul of the Russian, the next day burns with enthusiasm for the brilliant spirit of France, and the third day shakes with admiration for the superb solidity of the British Empire.

And most of all I distrust the Jew who makes a plea for tolerance on the ground that all peoples are alike. What sort of tolerance is it that he is pleading for? There is no call for tolerance if all the people are alike; the virtue of tolerance is in its respect for the different. At bottom such a man is pleading for intolerance.

Perhaps the word pride is not the best one to describe the relations which should exist between a man and the people from which he springs. For pride is always understood to mean a personal sense of superiority. And what personal superiority does any one of us derive from the fact that Moses was one of the world's greatest prophets and statesmen, and Einstein one of the world's greatest scientists? It is foolish enough for a father to

seek applause because his son is great—few fathers, if any, are responsible for the greatness of their children. But it is fantastic for the great grandson to glory in the greatness of his great-grandfather. It is worse than fantastic; it is impious, for it makes the illustrious ancestor look ridiculous.

Yet the feelings which are aroused in us when we read some glorious chronicle which narrates the great achievements of our own people are closely akin to pride. I cannot quite analyze the emotions which grip me when I read again certain passages in the Bible, certain legends of the Talmud, certain poems of the Middle Ages—Jehudah Ha-Levi's *Zion ha-lo tishali*, or Ibn Gabirol's *Keter Malkut*. I cannot even describe, let alone analyze, the emotions which came over me when I first looked upon the wilderness of Judea, and first talked with the pioneers in the Valley of Esdraelon. But I know this: There was in them something that I had felt elsewhere too. I remember, when I was a boy, reading first of the Persian Wars of the Greeks; and I remember reading how, when the city of Athens had given up all hope of help from the other Greek States, and was preparing alone to meet the tremendous onslaught of the overwhelming Persian hosts, there came out of the tiny city of Plataea one thousand men, who threw in their lot with the heroic Athenians. Till this day I cannot think of that incident—and of many others in the history of the world—without a curious tingling of the skin and a swifter motion of the blood.

But this something, which is aroused in me by all great records, takes on a peculiar color when the authors of the work in question, or the protagonists of the drama in question, were Jews. It is a warmer color, which in the high spots glows brightly, and lights up the depths of the spirit. I think it foolish to analyze too curiously the nature of this profound pleasure, or to attempt to justify it. There may or there may not be a good logical reason for it; much more important is the fact that it releases a higher energy in us, taps certain sources of action which are inaccessible to ordinary appeals, makes us larger than we are.

But it is here that we reach the danger-point. When this glow of emo-

tion is subjective, when it does nothing more than make us aware of possibilities within ourselves—when, in fact, it creates possibilities in us by revealing them—it is good. But with a slight turn of the mind it is possible to turn that emotion into something objective, something which vents itself not in releasing energies within us, but in setting itself up against the world without, in arrogance, in insolence. At such a moment pride has become chauvinism.

The essence of the right kind of pride is a love for the character and achievements of one's own people. The essence of chauvinism is a constant worry about comparative merit, and an irritable anxiety to demonstrate one's superiority.

The two opposing themes—chauvinism and pride, insolence and the belief in noblesse oblige—run through our records, as they do through the records of all other peoples. Some Jews have taken the term Chosen People to indicate a peculiar privilege others have taken it to indicate a peculiar responsibility. Against the biblical story of the way God chose us, there is the legend which tells that we were the last people that God turned to—and we were as reluctant as the rest. One of the loveliest records of our history is that which tells that on *Yom Kippur* seventy sacrifices were offered up, for all the peoples of the world. The Bible, too, abounds in passages which reveal not only self-criticism, but a special understanding of the rights of others, and of the greatness of their role in the history of the world: There is, in particular, the passage in Isaiah: *"In that day there shall be a highway out of Egypt to Assyria, and the Assyrian shall come into Egypt and the Egyptian into Assyria, and the Egyptians shall serve with the Assyrians. In that day shall Israel be the third with Egypt and with Assyria, even a blessing in the midst of the land: whom the Lord of Hosts shall bless, saying, Blessed by Egypt my people, and Assyria the work of my hands, and Israel mine inheritance."* *Egypt my people!*

It often happens that the chauvinistic frame of mind is the result of unskillful tuition in childhood. It is very hard to put the narrative of history before children without almost automatically resorting to "the good man" and "the bad man" in order to hold their attention. And the opportunity to juxtapose these lay figures is very frequent in our history. Our holidays

are filled with stories which need the most skillful handling—lest Pharaoh and Haman and Titus the Wicked (the Romans called him The Delight of Mankind) become models for children when they think of the nations of the world in their relation to the Jews.

The truest guard against chauvinism is not merely knowledge of Jewish history, of Jewish books, but delight in them. He who uses up his love for the Jewish people in enjoying their annals and their literature, will not be apt to find expression for his Jewishness in vulgar boastfulness. That kind of nationalism was described by Schechter as "brute nationalism." And it is of this kind of nationalism that a Russian philosopher once said, bitterly: "The progress of mankind lies through nationalism to bestiality." And Keyserling says that when he reads of any man who exalts his own people above all the other peoples of the world, he is seized with a peculiar disgust, as if at some ancient evil—like the practices of the Assyrians who used to flay their prisoners alive.

This much having been said, a certain latitude has to be permitted—the natural hyperbole of love. Not every man who is at times tempted into a panegyric about his people is a chauvinist. It may spring not from the boastfulness which delights in comparisons, but from a sheer joy and affection which have become lyrical. It is a poor sort of father who does not see some special virtue in his child, invisible to others. We allow him a certain garrulosity, and smile at him and with him. It is only when he becomes pugnacious on the subject that we think him a nuisance.

But let the basis of our pride be love, and the basis of our love, knowledge. That is, let our love spring from a constant consciousness of our character, as expressed, for good and evil in our history, and let our pride be the pride of love—not of hatred.

I do not believe that these considerations will make one Jewish chauvinist the less obnoxious; but that is not primarily my intent. I have tried rather to show that we should not permit the corruption of a fine thing to blind us to the beauties of the thing itself. If the chauvinist is a hateful person, it does not mean to say that we should be frightened out of our Jewishness. There is a pride which it is our duty to feel—in the sense that it is our duty to foster whatever creative forces lie latent within us.

Leonid Pasternak—A Joyous Artist

(Continued from Page 404)

style of these works that is truly remarkable. Many of the sketches were made in great haste; still the fancy of the beholder soars over these pages with something of the artistic fervor with which they were created. Throughout these productions there is a glorious maturity; and the series of pastels, which were shown in a Berlin exhibition on the occasion of Pasternak's 60th birthday — "Jerusalem," "Rachel's Tomb," "Procession to the Grave of Simon the Just" and "Tower of David," and the oil paintings "Teachers of the Torah at Me'ir Ba'al Ness" and "Safed" are among the most beautiful picturizations of Palestinian subjects ever created. It is therefore all the more regrettable that the portfolio, which was to have appeared under the auspices of the Zionist Organization and which contains all these marvels of our own wonderland, has not yet been published.

Artistically speaking, Pasternak has, since his youth, been in two worlds, one the primitively original, dreamy and colorful world of Russian art, and the other the severe though refined art-world of German impressionism, based on austere drawings. Paintings like "Moscow, a Winter Scene," on the one hand, and portraits like "Harnack" or "Corinth" on the other present amazing contrasts. However, the countless numbers of floral pieces or the charming *Spazierfahrt*, form the connecting link. A veritable third world opened before him in Palestine. I have no doubt that, if he had remained there longer, it would have exerted a permanent and fructifying effect upon his work.

All three worlds, however, have in common the element of joy which characterizes Pasternak, himself. He could be termed the "happy painter." His whole work glows and radiates.

This trait, so remarkable in a East-European Jew, distinguishes Pasternak from nearly all the Jewish artists hailing from Russia, that we know of, who retain some connection with the Jewish ghetto or at least with the Jewish spirit. Pasternak seems to belong to a future age when Judaism and suffering will no longer go together, but when Judaism and joy will be united—a state of affairs which may be said to exist, to a certain extent, in the Jewish communities of contemporary America and which is taking form in the new Jewish settlement in Eretz Israel.

The ORIGINAL MR. ISAACS

By Regina
Miriam Bloch



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LIFE in its many-colored web of the busy and undying Fates, is a mass of romance. It is difficult to ever disentangle or discern the pattern in the ceaseless web. Our vision is limited or confused. During the life-time of anyone we are apt to lack perspective in seeing him; after the death of a character we rely upon history for a view of him and are victimized by the bias of the historian. Thus it is very rarely that one can behold the design of oneself, and when this occurs it is a lucky accident, an adventure one welcomes with a thrill of excitement and profound pleasure. It has been my happy privilege to alight upon the life-story of a quaint and esoteric personality, to unravel its full scheme and to be able to place it before my readers in its entirety in the present article.

Like all unusual discoveries it came my way casually. I was at a meeting of the London Kipling Society (of which I was one of the first members) listening to delectable anecdotes of the Far East related by Lieutenant-General Sir George MacMunn, K. C. B., K. C. S. 1., D. S. O. The General who held a high command in India and was Commander-in-Chief in Mesopotamia during the Great War, is a veritable, living gold-mine of good stories. He is a writer of distinction, an extensive traveler, a keen observer and an enthusiastic archaeologist. Amongst the many strange facts he told us, he mentioned that the original of the Healer of Pearls in Rudyard Kipling's classical narrative "Kim" and the hero of

Marion Crawford's well known novel, "Mr. Isaacs" were one and the same person, a Mr. Jacobs of Simla, a Bagdad Jew of whom Mr. Imre Schwaiger, the London jeweler, knew a good deal.

I scented romance and my interest was immediately aroused. First of all, there are very few Jewish characters in Kipling's writings and I can remember only the Aden Jew in one of his more unimportant stories "The Mother Lodge." Although the exquisite personality of the heroine in his wonderful dream story, "The Brushwood Boy" bears the name of Miriam, he is careful to explain to his readers that she is not a Jewess. In fact, like most modern authors, Kipling, although he has fathomed the glamour of the East as few men can, has never yet entered into the locked treasure chambers of Oriental Judaism, the riches of Jewish legend, thought, ethics, wit and aphorism. Like most Gentiles, he deserves the immortal indictment of Heinrich Heine in his "Romancero;" which he addresses to his wife in the following roughly translated terms:

"It is curious," she added.

That I never have heard ere this
Of this great and famous poet,
This Jehuda ben Halevy."

"Dearest child," I said in answer,

"Such delightful ignorance,
But reveals the narrow limits
Of Parisian education.
In the Gallic schools for ladies
Where sweet maidens, the young
future

Mothers of a free fine nation,
Imbibe their refining lessons.

Ancient mummies, stuffed and gilded
Pharaohs of

Ageless Egypt,
Nerovingian shadowy rulers.

In unpowdered wigs and tresses,
Even the pigtailed kings of China,
Porcelain pagoda emperors—

All of these, they learn and master,
Clever girls, yet oh, by heaven—

If one asks them for the great names
In the great and golden era

The Arabic—Hispanic and poetic
school of Jewry.

For the triune constellation

For Jehudah-ben Halevy,
For our Salomon-Gabriol

And for Moses-Ibn-Ezra—

If one questions them for like names,
Then, with big eyes they gaze at us,

All these little ones, like oxen
Staring at a strange, steep mountain."

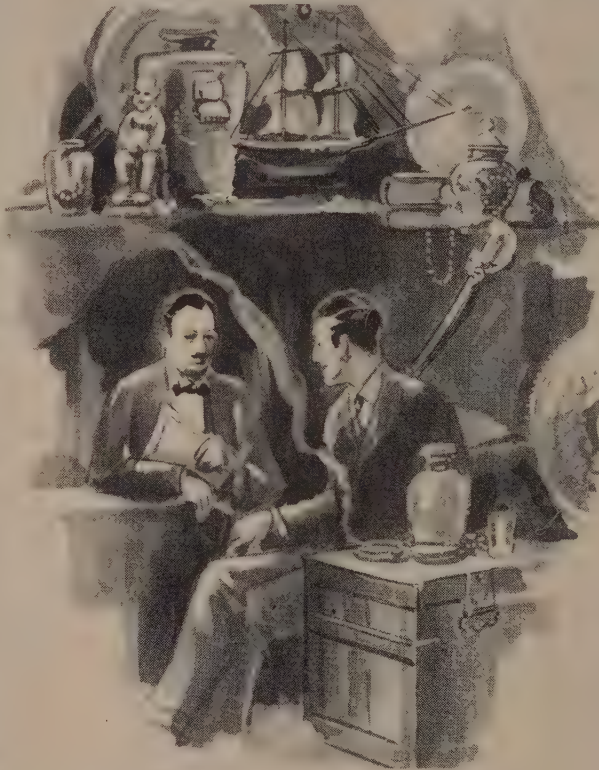
Half the world suffers beneath the same stigma through the fatal historic blunder of the ages in clouding the annals of Judaism. Thus when I heard a Jew had crept into Kipling's "Kim" unawares I was on the war-path.

Naturally, my first endeavor was to re-peruse both "Kim" and "Mr. Isaacs" and to compare the portrait studies of the original Mr. Jacobs as immortalized by Kipling and Marion Crawford. I shall present these to my patient readers through quoted passages, ere recounting the entrancing tale of my discovery. It was a natural disappointment to me that Marion Craw-

ford makes out Mr. Isaacs to be a Persian Muslim, although General Sir George MacMunn told me that he fancied the mysterious Mr. Jacobs to have been a Jew from Bagdad. However, the hero of Crawford's novel is so highly adorned with the intensive romanticism of its author, that this may be but another touch of fiction. It would also be fitting at this point to recall that one of F. Marion Crawford's best books, "Khaled: A tale of Arabia," has given us an excellent picture of the Prophet Daniel in exile. Returning to Mr. Jacobs, our author meets his hero, Mr. Isaacs, at the place where he really lived, namely Simla, although in the novel they meet at the hotel. The narrator is first struck by his extraordinary beauty and they are drawn into conversation. A feeling of magnetic sympathy which was to ripen into almost divine friendship, attracts the two men toward each other and Mr. Isaacs invites the narrator to come and smoke in his rooms. Here is the description:

"I myself passed through the glass door in accordance with my new acquaintance's invitation, curious to see the kind of abode in which a man who struck me as being so unlike his fellows spent his summer months. For some minutes after I entered I did not speak, indeed I hardly breathed. It seemed to me that I was suddenly transported into the subterranean chambers whither the wicked magician sent Aladdin in quest of the lamp. A soft but strong light filled the room, though I did not immediately comprehend whence it came, nor did I think to look, so amazed was I by the extraordinary splendor of the objects that met my eyes. In the first glance it appeared as if the walls and ceiling were lined with gold and precious stones; and in reality it was almost literally the truth. The apartment, I soon saw, was small—for India at least—and every available space, nook and cranny, was filled with gold and jewelled ornaments, shining weapons, or uncouth but resplendent idols. There were sabres in scabbards, set from end to end with diamonds and sapphires, with cross hilts of rubies in massive gold mounting, the spoil of some worsted nawab of the mutiny.

There were nargiles four feet high, crusted with gems and curiously wrought work from Bagdad or Herat; water-flasks of gold and drinking cups of jade; yataghans from Roum and idols from the Far East . . . Gorgeous lamps of the octagonal Oriental shape hung from the ceiling, and cast their soothing lights on all around. The floor was covered with a rich, soft pile, and low divans were heaped with cushions of deep-tinted silk and gold. On the floor, in a corner which seemed



"I breathed in the strange sights . . ."

the favorite resting-place of my host, lay open two or three superbly illuminated Arabic manuscripts, and from a chafing dish of silver nearby a thin thread of snow-white smoke sent up its faint perfume through the still air. To find myself transported from the conventionalities of a stiff and starched Anglo-Indian hotel to such a scene was something novel and delicious in the extreme. No wonder I stood speechless and amazed. Mr. Isaacs remained near the door while I breathed in the strange sights to which he had introduced me. At last I turned, and from contemplating the magnificence of inanimate wealth I was riveted by the majestic face and expression of the beautiful living creature who by a turn of his wand, or, to speak prosaically, by an invitation to smoke, had

lifted me out of the humdrum into a land peopled with all the effulgent phantasies and the priceless realities of the magic East."

Now we will turn to Kipling's "Kim" and see how Mr. Jacobs, the great Simla jeweler, is described by him. In "Kim," the original of Mr. Isaacs appears under the name of Lurgan Sahib, likewise a vendor of precious stones and curios and also an inhabitant of Simla:

"A Hindu child, some ten years old, squatted under a lamp post.

"Where is Mr. Lurgan's house?" demanded Kim.

"I do not understand English," was the answer, and Kim shifted his speech accordingly.

"I will show."

"Together they set off through the mysterious dusk full of the noises of a city below the hillside, and the breath of a cool wind in deodar-crowned Jakko, shouldering the stars.

"It is here," said Kim's guide, and halted in a verandah flush with the main road. No door stayed them, but a curtain of beaded reeds that split up the lamp-light beyond. 'He is come,' said the boy, in a voice little louder than a sigh, and vanished. Kim felt sure that the boy had been posted to guide him from the first, but, putting a bold face on it, parted the curtain. A black-bearded man, with a green shade over his eyes, sat at a table, and, one by one, with short, white hands, picked up globules of light from a tray before him, threaded them on a glancing silken string, and hummed to himself the while. Kim was conscious that beyond the circle of light the room was full of things that smelt like all the temples of all the East. A whiff of musk, a puff of sandalwood, and a breath of sickly jessamine oil caught his opened nostrils."

Then follows a pen-portrait of Lurgan Sahib, who is far more real than Mr. Isaacs.

"Lurgan Sahib slid off the green shade and looked fixedly at Kim for a full half-minute. The pupils of his eyes dilated and closed to pin-pricks, as if at will. There was a faquir by the Taksali Gate who had just this gift." . . . And again: "Kim looked him (Lurgan Sahib) over out of the corners of his eyes. He was a Sahib in

that he wore Sahib's clothes; the accent of his Urdu, the intonation of his English, showed that he was anything but a Sahib. He seemed to understand what moved in Kim's mind ere the boy opened his mouth."

Yet the quarters of this strange Eastern jeweler in "Kim" tally in their oddity with those of "Mr. Isaacs."

"But even more than the purely Persian meal cooked by Lurgan Sahib with his own hands, the shop fascinated Kim. The Lahore Museum was larger, but here were more wonders—ghost-daggers and prayer-wheels from Tibet; turquoise and raw amber necklaces; green jade bangles, curiously packed incense sticks in jars crusted over with raw garnets; the devil-masks of overnight and a wall full of peacock-blue draperies; gilt figures of Buddha and little portable lacquer altars; Russian samovars with turquoises on the lid; egg-shell china sets in quaint octagonal cane boxes; yellow ivory crucifixes—from Japan of all places in the world—so Lurgan Sahib said; carpets in dusty bales, smelling atrociously, pushed back behind torn and rotten screens of geometrical work; Persian water-jugs for the hands after meals; dull copper incense-burners neither Chinese nor Persian, with friezes of fantastic devils running 'round them; tarnished silver belts that knotted like rawhide, hairpins of jade, ivory, and plasma, arms of all sorts and kinds, and a thousand other odds and ends were cased, or piled, or merely thrown into the room, leaving a clear space only 'round the rickety deal table where Lurgan Sahib worked."

Now the similarity between Mr. Isaacs and Lurgan Sahib is too marked for mere analogy. First of all, a man of Kipling's calibre and literary stature would scarcely plagiarise from Marion Crawford. The latter writes in the smooth, pleasantly soothing, but florid style of a Lytton, the former has all the incisive, vivid mastery of a Bret Harte. I began to feel assured that both Mr. Isaacs and Lurgan Sahib owed their inception to a living original. Both were jewelers, both traded at Simla and were the denizens of an Oriental treasure house. When I heard more of the real Mr. Jacobs I found many other items of fascination in both the books under discussion. Marion Crawford's Mr. Isaacs had an attendant clad in white livery—so did Mr. Jacobs. Mr. Isaacs wrote mysterious Persian letters adorned with Zoroastrian signs—Mr. Jacobs again. He had a stormy interview with a native potentate—alas! poor Jacobs had many. He went

up into the hills bound on a weird mission, Jacobs also acted thus. Yet the love story in "Mr. Isaacs" and the heightened coloring of the character are purely fantasies of Marion Crawford's imagination.

In a similar manner, Lurgan Sahib, as drawn by Kipling, shows other kindred traits with Crawford's Mr. Isaacs and their common, living prototype, Mr. Jacobs. Uncanny folk surround both Isaacs and Lurgan. In Lurgan's case it is an eerie little Hindu boy with a crystal-clear memory which can minutely describe the weight and shape of handfuls of jewels that Lurgan throws into a dish haphazard, after a single fleeting glance.

In "Mr. Isaacs" the hero is the bosom friend of a great Brahmin initiate Ram Lal, who is so versed in the mysteries of the fourth dimension that he can vanish into thin air at will and is able to conjure up a thick mist in the mountains on an unusually clear and moonlit night. He is also able to travel forth from the body in spirit when he desires it. However Kipling's Lurgan Sahib is himself a wizard. He nearly mesmerises Kim into seeing a broken jar take shape again. He is also a healer of pearls and as he informs Kim "My work is on the table—some of it." It blazed in the morning light—all red and blue and green flashes, picked out with the vicious blue-white spurt of a diamond here and there. Kim opened his eyes, 'Oh, they are quite well, those stones, (said Lurgan Sahib). It will not hurt them to take the sun. Besides, they are cheap. But with sick stones it is very different. There is no one but me can doctor a sick pearl and re-blue turquoises. I grant you opals—any fool can cure an opal—but for a sick pearl there is only me. Suppose I were to die! Then there would be no one. . . . Oh no! You cannot do anything with jewels. It will be quite enough if you understand a little about the turquoises—some day.'"

It is curious that Kipling puts this statement concerning pearls and turquoises into Lurgan Sahib's mouth. It is a well-known fact that pearls can really be ill when separated from the skin of their regular wearer. The late Czarina's pearls were frequently revived by being placed in a casket sunk into sea-water when they were "off color." Similarly the turquoise is said to change its hue and lose its prized blueness when the wearer is in bad health. An old folk-rhyme I once read in a book of jewels, put it thus: "The sympathetic Turkis which doth

tell when that its wearer is not well."

Whether Mr. Jacobs of Simla really had the uncanny gift of healing sick pearls and other stones ascribed to him by Kipling I do not know, nor whether he had intercourse with people of supernatural gifts like the Brahmin, Ram Lal, in "Mr. Isaacs," and the Hindu boy of Lurgan Sahib. He may have, as he was a believer in the occult and may have been a kind of *Kabalist* himself in India, a land of endless opportunities for strange phenomena. Another point I have not been able to establish is, whether the real Mr. Jacobs was in the Secret Service of the British Government. Kipling's Lurgan Sahib was an adept at this game, and his jewelry store but a form of magnificent blind to his real office. Crawford's Mr. Isaacs also has his hand in the political pie, as his adventure with the native ruler and a rebellious Afghan chief proves. According to my informant, Sir George MacMunn, the Pathan horse dealer, Mahbub Ali, the Government spy in "Kim" really existed and was, together with several colleagues, a trusted servant of the British Rej. We may therefore take it, as there is no smoke without a fire and as there are certain analogous incidents in both "Mr. Isaacs" and "Kim," that Mr. Jacobs of Simla may not only have dabbled in esoteric mysteries and had initiates on his list of visiting friends, but may have also had secret service transactions with the Government of his day, that is, in Queen Victoria's time.

I have now initiated my readers into the mass of corroborative evidence which leads up the trail of this living character in romantic fiction. You may perhaps share a little of the explorer's thrill which possessed me when I had traced the shadowy personality which inspired two famous novelists. Here was a story coming into being even as the marble statue of Galatea began to breathe beneath the manifested love of Pygmalion. Literary comparison and analysis over, my most enticing quest still lay before me—to seek for detail of the real Jacobs, this strange pseudo-Arabic, most presumably Jewish, genius, who dwelt at Simla in a Haroun-Al-Raschid setting, and was tangled up in the feuds and intrigues of Oriental nawabs and rajahs, who had a retinue of mystics at his beck and call and, like an ancient alchemist, dabbled with precious stones and metals—mesmerist, healer of sick pearls, secret service agent, all in one.

My first interview was with General Sir George MacMunn. The distinguished, white-haired General sat in his offices above busy Victoria Street, whilst the traffic of London thundered past below. Yet our minds were far away. They were trying to conjure up again the character of Mr. Jacob, the Bagdad Jew according to the General, who out of the Jewish population of 6,000 in that Arabian Nights City, had wandered into India and built up an astounding jewel business. "It was an amazing shop," said the soldier, echoing Kipling and Crawford. "It was crowded with wonderful old Moghul plate and jewels and Jacobs would often mark them down at bargain prices." And then he went on to tell me of Mr. Imre Schwaiger the present-day Bond Street jeweler, who knew more of Mr. Jacobs and at whose establishment he, (the General) had purchased several magic pendants inscribed with the manifold names of Allah.

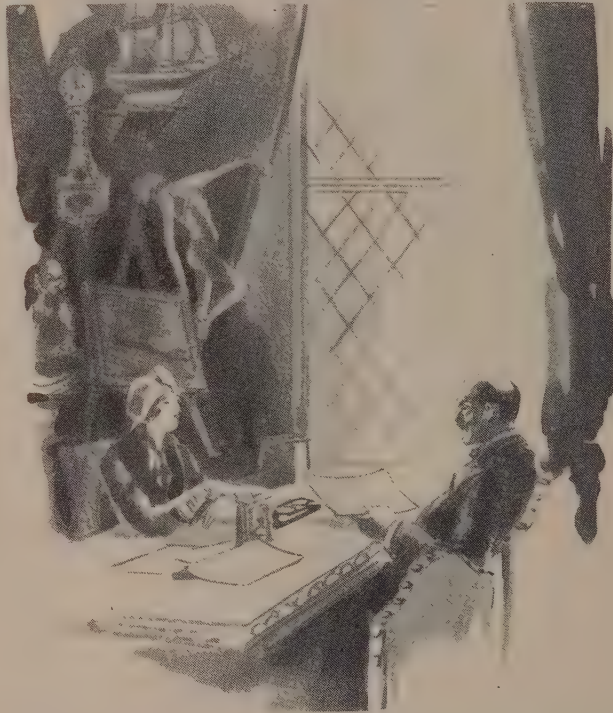
I left him to continue my tracking of this unusual quarry. My steps turned toward Bond Street, seeking for the shop of Mr. Imre Schwaiger. I kept pinching myself metaphorically. Was this really London or was this some city sung by Khayyam, Hafir or Firdausi? Yet, I was in Bond Street. Fashionable folk hurried by to polite tea-parties or bent on expensive shopping expeditions. It was London after all, but transmitted by the sunset flush of a recapitulated romance.

I was seeking for a shop but, alas, disappointment awaited me. There was no shop fronting the exclusive London street. I found myself on a first floor and worse still, before a locked door to which I had no sesame. It appeared that Mr. Imre Schwaiger himself was in India. He had only rooms in London and his manager merely came there on Tuesday mornings. Alas! It was not Tuesday. Daunted, I had to abandon my expedition for some days.

Tuesday came at last, a fair blue morning fit for Eastern travel. It saw me climbing up softly-carpeted stairs in Bond Street. My heart leapt, for at intervals the staircase was adorned with calm Buddhas of marble with gilt eyelids and gold-tinged heads. I found myself in large, luxurious

rooms, full of quiet and remote beauty. Eastern bronzes and ivories finely wrought stood here and there. The room was not crowded and bore no suggestion of a shop. The cabinets and show cases against the walls, with their artistically scattered and arranged treasures, betrayed the careful collection of a great connoisseur. At a writing table near the window sat a tall, military-looking man. "I am Major A——, Mr. Schwaiger's manager," he explained. In the desperation and eagerness of my pilgrimage, I went straight to the point.

"I have come to ask you to tell me



"I Have Come to Ask You . . . About Mr. Jacobs of Simla."

all you know about Mr. Jacobs of Simla." I said.

A reminiscent smile lit up his face. "I probably know more of this extraordinary character than any other man living," was his promising commencement, and there and then I gathered the following colorful anecdotes from him.

"You must understand," said my new informant, "that I come of old Anglo-Indian stock. My great-grandfather went to India as private secretary to Warren Hastings." For a moment my busily weaving mind recalled Macaulay's famous defense in essay form of Warren Hastings. This was living history with a vengeance. "We have been in the Indian army ever

since," continued the Major, "and my father was a great personal friend of Mr. Jacobs, the jeweler of Simla. He was a most extraordinary character. He never married and nobody knew his history. His shop was a wonderful establishment crowded with treasures and he maintained a lavish home with liveried servants. He would ride abroad mounted on a beautiful pure white Arab horse, invariably followed by the same mounted servant also attired entirely in white. With all his learning, he was an intensely superstitious man. If on the way to business, his wrong

ear burnt or he met a one-eyed beggar, he would turn back and order the shop to be closed down for the day. Now it so happened that my father was as fine a Persian Scholar as Mr. Jacobs. You must know that in more erudite Persian letters, zodiacal signs are employed by the writer. My father having a keen sense of humor and being a wit to boot, often played jokes upon Mr. Jacobs. He would send him strange missives in flawless Persian asking him to go upon extraordinary missions. Next day Mr. Jacobs, quite unaware that my father was the author of these letters, would come to my father and confide the weird occurrence to him! Such was the strength and power of Mr. Jacobs Oriental imagination, that he would tell my father, that a being from another world, clad in mystic robes, had delivered the message to him. On one occasion, my father surpassed himself. He sent

Mr. Jacobs a note shrouded in zodiacal symbolism and Eastern cyphers, commanding him to go all alone into a remote part of the hills where he would be met by the genius of the mountains, who would lead him to the vast buried treasure of a hidden diamond mine, where diamonds of priceless value would be revealed to him. If, however, he transgressed the terms of this command by one iota, the blessing of wealth would be changed into a curse. Now, Mr. Jacobs, like most deeply superstitious men, was a coward and although he did set forth upon this eerie quest one moonlight night, he took a servant with him. Naturally the journey proved fruitless, and he returned and told my father about its lamentable conclusion. Whereupon my father sent him another

letter couched in threatening terms, saying that, as he had not kept the compact and had not gone alone, the source of the diamond mine would remain sealed to him, because he had incurred the wrath of the keeper of genius of the mountain. The whole thing was preposterous," added Major A, with the slightly uneasy air of the normal man disturbed by a sense of fatalism or pre-destined coincidence, "but, ludicrous as it may sound, it was after this climax in the inventiveness of my father, that Mr. Jacobs' downfall commenced, and misfortunes fell thickly upon him, and these were due to a diamond.

"Mr. Jacobs heard of an extraordinarily large, rare and valuable diamond which was then on the European market. With his usual impulsiveness he sent for it and, before it arrived, with his equally customary and high-flown imagination, waited upon the famous native ruler, the Niram of Hyderabad and, in glowing terms, offered the diamond to him. After skillful persuasion, the Niram consented to purchase the diamond for 46 lakhs of rupees or nearly half a million, something akin to 300,000 pounds sterling in English money. Mr. Jacobs was in the seventh heaven of delight, but the intended transaction naturally caused a stir. The upshot of the matter was—that the story came to the ears of the British Resident who stepped in and officially forbade the Niram to expend such a huge amount upon a single stone. Mr. Jacobs, having already pledged himself to buy the stone, and faced by a vast loss, at once protested against the decision of the Resident. Between Mr. Jacobs, the Resident and the Niram, a great Indian court case ensued. It was proved that Mr. Jacobs had paid infinitely less for the diamond and that he had arranged to sell it to the Niram at an exorbitant profit. The case went on and on, backed by the British Government throughout. It cost Mr. Jacobs all his riches, his legal advisers obtaining one lakh of rupees from him per diem. He lost and left the courts a broken and ruined man. He never regained either his fortune or his status and finally died, fading out from Eastern annals almost as mysteriously as he had entered into them. His last days seem to have been spent in periodical visits to the Niram, still imploring him to buy the ill-fated diamond and, although the Niram made

him a comfortable allowance, his fortune was irretrievably forefeited." The Major ceased and for a time I pondered over the deeply romantic account.

"How was Mr. Imre Schwaiger connected with him?" I asked.

"Mr. Schwaiger bought a steel peacock at the auction of Mr. Jacobs' stock," said Major A—rising. "It was something like this, though much larger." He produced a small, greenish peacock in bronze from one of the cabinets. "These peacocks are adored as gods by the Yeridis or devil worshippers. Even about the peacock there was some dissension. Mr. Jacobs sent Mr. Schwaiger two letters concerning it—one to say that it was valueless but that he treasured it and that he would like to have it back, the other that it was worth far more than Mr. Schwaiger had paid for it, that it had been a great bargain and that he (Mr. Jacobs) wished to re-purchase it. Mr. Schwaiger consented to neither request and, finally presented the peacock to the British Museum. Even there, it proved to be a bone of controversy. Doubts arose as to its genuineness, and a long correspondence ensued between Oriental experts. I believe Sir Dennison Ross, the great Eastern scholar, could tell you much about these letters. At last, a connoisseur examined the peacock and believed it to be real, as one could take it to pieces. It appears that this idol is so sacred to the Yeridis that the best specimens are made in separate parts, in order that when it is transferred from one place to another, one man carries the beak, another a foot

and so on, to guard against the loss of the entire object."

My last literary pilgrimage was to the British Museum where, amid hundreds of Oriental treasures, from fantastic gongs to brightly lacquered native writing cases, I found the steel peacock in a glass wallcase of the Asiatic Salon. Under it was affixed a non-committal label to the effect that this steel figure of a peacock from a temple of the Yeridi sect from Dahadia near Diabker, Kurdistan, was of Persian make and had been given to the British Museum by Mr. Imre Schwaiger through the National Art Collection Fund in 1912. Sir George MacMunn had given me one of his quick, graphic word-pictures of the Yeridis who live in the Jebel Siniar, west of Nosul and as he put it, "worship the peacock Nalik (meaning Moloch) and Ta-ous, King Peacock or the sign of the Evil One."

I gazed in silence at the strange bird with its fan-like tail. What a world of romance lay behind it! It had traveled from some far and awful temple, from obscure rituals and hymns, into the treasure shop of that equally remote and mysterious character Mr. Jacobs of Simla, presumably a Jew of Bagdad, who had inspired two great authors. Somehow, as I turned away from the brooding bird Nalik or Moloch, of wrought steel, I seemed to smell the redolence and the altars which smote upon Kim's nostrils in Lurgan Sahib's house—musk, sandalwood and jessamine oil. . . . I left the Asiatic Salon regretfully. My little excursion into the Arabian Nights was at an end.

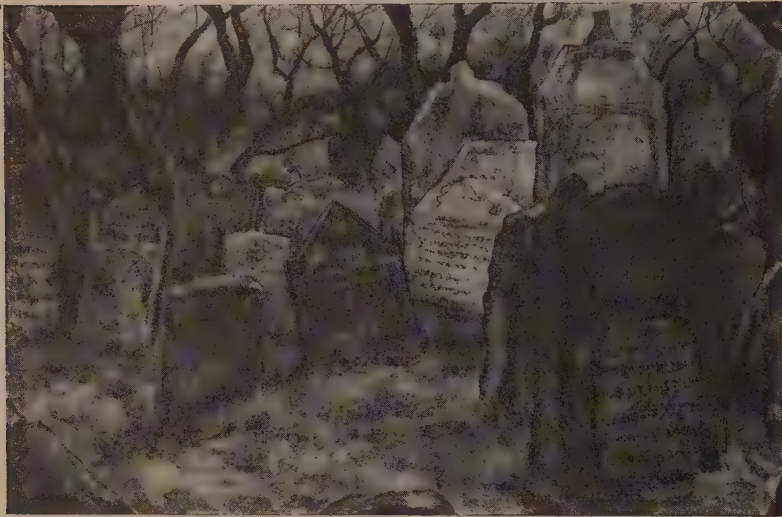


"He Would Ride Abroad Mounted On a Beautiful White Horse. . . ."

News in Views



ABOVE are shown the Jewish Senators and Deputies in the new Polish Seim. Upon these gentlemen rests the burden of protecting the rights of Polish Jewry.

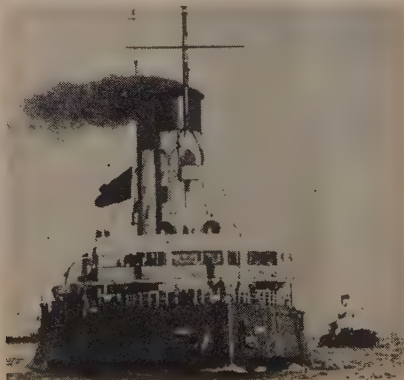


TO the left is a view of the ancient Prague cemetery which was to have been removed recently, but was saved by a special permit from the Prague Municipality.



TO the left is twelve-year-old Kalmele Weitz, who is believed to be the youngest cantor in the world. He came to New York some time ago from Posen, Germany.

BELOW is shown the mercy ship Krassin which rescued the ill-fated Nobile crew.

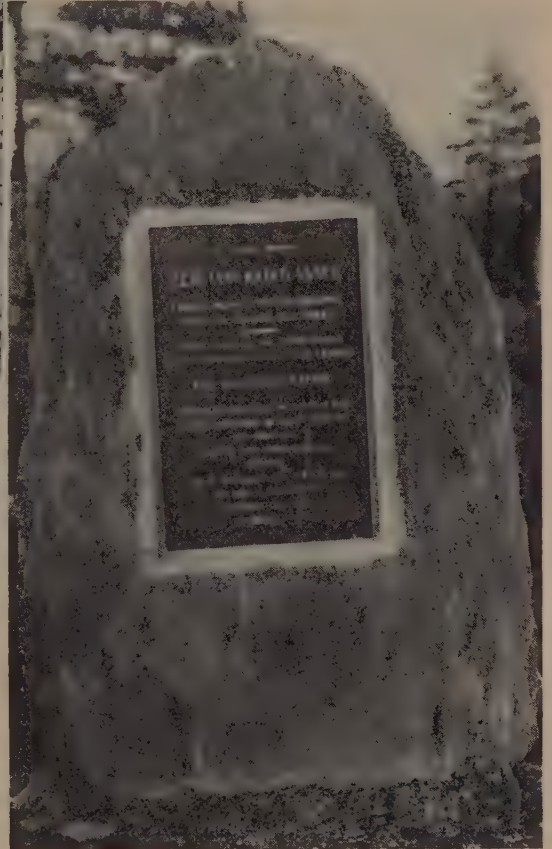


PROF. R. L. SAMOYLOVITCH, Director of the Leningrad Scientific Institute for the Study of the North, who was commander of the Krassin rescue expedition. Professor Samoylovitch is of Jewish descent.



TO THE left is a view of the Wailing Wall showing pious Jews of Jerusalem gathered at the sacred historic place to pray, during the season of the high holidays.

BELOW is the monument to Zebulon Baird Vance, famous statesman of North Carolina and friend of the Jews, which is to be unveiled by the B'nai B'rith of Asheville, North Carolina, on October 7th. The monument is located on the grounds of the Calvary Episcopal Church, Fletcher, N. C.



ABOVE is the faculty of the School of Religion of the University of Iowa. Seated from left to right are: Dr. M. Willard Lampe, Director; Prof. Maurice H. Farbridge, Jewish representative; Prof. Charles A. Hawley, Protestant representative; and Father Henry F. Takkenberg, Catholic representative.

BELOW are a group of rabbis and lay leaders who participated in services for Jewish boys in the C. M. T. C. at Ft. McKinley, Me. Included in this group are Lyon Cohen, Montreal; Charles Hartman, New York; and Judge Max L. Pinansky, Portland, Me.



The Printed Page

REMBRANDT AND HIS JEWISH FRIENDS

Rembrandt, by Sandor Brody. Translated from the Hungarian by Louis Rittenberg. (Globus Press).

HERMANN STRUCK, the great contemporary Jewish artist, maintains that Rembrandt van Rijn was either a Jew or had some Jewish blood in his veins. The immortal painter's predilection for Jewish subjects, at a time when the Children of Israel were anything but popular, his many Jewish friendships, the spending of his last days in the ghetto—all this would seem to bear out Struck's contention.

Brody, however, does not hint that Rembrandt was Jewish. Quite the contrary. But he does devote what he calls a "romance of divine love and art" largely to Rembrandt's experiences among Jewish folk—to that and to the great master's carousals in low dives among publicans and sinners.

The author has imagination. But, though apparently a Jew, he does not seem to know his people. Jewish girls of sixteen or seventeen, reared as Dr. Bonus' daughter was reared, do not behave as the author makes this child behave towards Rembrandt. And when Rembrandt, in the end—quite contrary to his nature—turns scrupulous, he becomes a caricature of the figure the author made him out to be earlier in the story.

The book casts no new glory upon either Rembrandt or the author.

OSCAR LEONARD.

* * *

THE QUEEN'S FAVORITE PREMIER NOVELIZED

Disraeli, a Picture of the Victorian Age, by Andre Maurois. (Appleton.)

BENJAMIN DISRAELI, the boy of Jewish parentage who set out with the dream of becoming Prime Minister of Great Britain and who realized this dream in the end, is a fascinating hero for biography—particularly for a novelized biography in the new manner. Hence it is no wonder that the latest work by Maurois, the French-Jewish writer of lucid and fascinating life studies of striking and remarkable figures, deals with this most dazzling

character. Incidentally it is the third biography of Disraeli in three years, and by far the best of them.

As a portrait of the dandy, novelist, lover, statesmen, courtier, and "human sphinx" Maurois' book leaves nothing to be desired. Its weakness is its failure to fulfill its sub-title, "A Picture of the Victorian Age." Strachey's "Queen Victoria" does that much more satisfactorily.

Novelized as this book is, it tells how the little Jewish boy, Benjamin Disraeli, grown to manhood, power and fame, realized all his vast and extravagant dreams and that this realization only brought him disillusionment and weariness. At thirteen he was baptized instead of becoming *bar mitzvah*. At twenty-two he was the author of a popular novel and seven thousand pounds in debt. Within the following ten years he had travelled to Palestine, written several other books and been thrice defeated as a candidate for Parliament. At thirty-three he was in Parliament... at forty-eight in the Cabinet... at sixty-one Prime Minister.

We may find Jewish traits in Disraeli but we will find little Jewish interest in him, or loyalty. He brought glory to the Jewish name by his brilliance, but he played no active part in Judaism or Jewry.

LEE J. LEVINGER.

* * *

THE DAYS THAT WERE

School Days in Home Town, by Abram S. Isaacs. (Jewish Publication Society.)

IN THIS posthumous volume, "School Days in Home Town," Mr. Isaacs strives to recreate for our present day hurrying, irreverent generation a lovingly etched picture of a Jewish boarding school of the Civil War period. Fiction of American-Jewish life being so scanty, such an effort is decidedly worth while. It is a great pity that the author's style is so old-fashioned and his sense of plot so slight that it prevents his work from attracting much attention.

"School Days in Home Town" lacks the morsels of wit that made "Under

the Sabbath Lamp," Isaacs' earlier volume, welcome to adults. The humor is stilted and the story is rather thin.

There is, however, much information scattered through the book which is of value to the Jewish youth. Many an adult, too, will find a certain pleasure in this simple tale. But it would attract a much greater number of readers had it been presented in a more interesting and lively manner.

ELMA EHRLICH LEVINGER.

* * *

A HEBREW ALLEGORY

A Scrap of Paper, by I. B. Levner. Translated from the Hebrew by Saul Kleiman. (Siphriah Publishing Co.)

ISRAEL BENJAMIN LEVNER and **Jehudah Steinberg** are two Jewish men of letters who lived in Russia about a generation ago. They were associated in the editing and publishing of a Hebrew weekly and a Hebrew anthology. And they both wrote a number of stories in Hebrew for children. Steinberg's works have been collected, and some of his tales have been published in English by the Jewish Publication Society of America. But Levner's work has up till recently been totally unknown to the English reading public.

Therefore Mr. Kleiman, in translating into a rhythmical and lucid English this little allegory from the Hebrew of Levner, has, in addition to his service to literature and pedagogy, performed an act of some historical value. "A Scrap of Paper" is the story of a Roumanian Jewish wanderer who in his wandering picks up a symbolic piece of paper on which are inscribed phrases that indicate the why and wherefore of the Jewish dispersion. He is endowed with a supernatural vision and there pass in review before him characteristic scenes from Jewish history, teaching the lesson that a lack of readiness for action, indifference, strife and disunion have stood in the way of the redemption of the Jews as a people.

"A Scrap of Paper" is a welcome addition to Jewish juvenile literature which, as things stand, is rather meager.

In the Public Eye

A. Sigmund Kanengieser

IN JUNE, at the annual convention of the Independent Order B'rith Sholom, Mr. A. Sigmund Kanengieser of Newark, N. J., was re-elected Vice Grand Master. And in July he became Grand Master of the Order, succeeding the late lamented Solomon C. Kraus who passed away the latter part of that month.



A. Sigmund Kanengieser

Mr. Kanengieser was born forty years ago in Newark and received his early education in the public schools of that city. In 1907 he was graduated from the law college of New York University. From 1912 to 1927 he was an official in the probation department of Newark County.

Wholeheartedly interested in Jewish affairs, the new I. O. B. S. Grand Master was one of the founders of the Newark Y. M. H. A. and its President and Secretary for a number of years. He is a member of Ezekiel Lodge No. 90, I. O. B. S.

* * *

A. Leo Weil

OUTSTANDING national leaders of American Judaism joined Jewish and non-Jewish leaders of Pittsburgh in celebrating the seventieth birthday of Mr. A. Leo Weil a few weeks ago.



A. Leo Weil

Touching tributes were paid on the occasion to this far-visioned humanitarian who, though one of the most successful lawyers in the country, declared that he has derived more satisfaction from his work in public service than from all other things in life.

Having graduated from the University of Virginia and been admitted to the bar at the age of 21, Mr. Weil began his practice of law at Bradford, Pa. At the age of 30 he moved to Pittsburgh, which has been his home ever since.

Early in life he became interested in public affairs and he has been identified with Pittsburgh's most important civic movements.

Mr. Weil is a member of the Executive Board of the Union of American Hebrew Congregations and one of the most prominent lay leaders in Reform Judaism. He is also a member of the executive boards of the Jewish Publication Society of America, the National Municipal League, and the National Civic Service Association—and is affiliated with numerous other organizations of local and national scope.

* * *

Dr. I. M. Rubinow

TO BE an effective executive director of the Zionist Organization of America and the United Palestine Appeal a man ought to be a practical leader, one who can get things done, and at the same time a scholar and thinker. He ought to be a visionary and yet a realist. He must be a person of character, one who stands by his principles and yet knows how to be tactful. Such a man is Dr. I. M. Rubinow of Philadelphia. And so the Administrative Committee of the Z. O. A. is to be congratulated upon having chosen him for the position.



Dr. I. M. Rubinow

Dr. Rubinow left the executive directorship of the Jewish Welfare Society of Philadelphia to assume the duties of his new position the early part of this month.

From 1904 to 1907, Dr. Rubinow served as expert economist of the Bureau of Statistics of the United States Department of Agriculture. And the following year he served in the same capacity in the Bureau of Statistics of the United States Department of Commerce and Labor. In 1917 he was Director of the Bureau of Social Statistics of New York City's Department of Public Charities. From 1919 to 1922 he was Director of the American Zionist Medical Unit in Jerusalem. Since 1925 he has been Editor of the Jewish Social Service Quarterly. He is the author of numerous books and articles on social, economic and political subjects.

Paul M. Warburg

PAUL M. WARBURG is a man of many interests. He is a highly successful banker, having been up till 1914 a member of Kuhn, Loeb & Company. From 1914 to 1918 he was a member of the Federal Reserve Board. In 1917 he was appointed a member of the United States Section of the International High Commission. And he is now a member of the board of the International Acceptance Bank, Inc.



Paul M. Warburg

Despite his numerous business and financial connections, Mr. Warburg finds time to devote to public welfare. He is a trustee of the National Child Labor Committee and of the Tuskegee Normal and Industrial Institute. A lover of the fine arts, he is Treasurer of the Institute of Musical Art.

Mr. Warburg celebrated his sixtieth birthday on August 10th.

* * *

Dr. Louis I. Harris

FOR 24 years Dr. Louis I. Harris served in the Municipal Health Department of the City of New York, and in 1926 he became Health Commissioner—the head of that department. Recently he resigned from this position, but he is to continue working in the interests of public health. He has accepted the offer to establish a medical and sanitary service for the National Dairy Products Corporation.



Dr. Louis I. Harris

Dr. Harris must be a happy man in the highest sense of that term. He should be, anyway, if he ever stops to think of the numerous lives he has been instrumental in saving by preventing the spread of disease, by directing the medical care of the poor and needy, by being a leader in the movement to maintain sanitation and cleanliness.

The Salvation Army—Jewish Style

By Harold Berman



BUSY street-corner of the crowded East Side of the City of New York on a hot summer evening. Out of the open maws of the frowning tenements men, women and children are pouring in great and seemingly never-ending numbers. People are crowding the narrow sidewalks, overflowing into the gutter and on the curb in their hurried, and harried, anxiety to make some little headway in that seething whirlpool of swarming humanity. They manage to make their way somehow through the dense crowd, so that they finally do reach the street corner, where they once more find the roadway blocked by a solid wall of men, women and children whose attention is riveted on a voice, on a strident voice in the heart of the throng, that is shouting and declaiming at its topmost notes. The most of them can't see anything at all, nor can they hear anything in all that din and racket but that raucous voice that is rising ever higher and higher.

The Voice Grew Louder

Louder and louder grew the voice as it went on; its ululations; its frenzied wails ascending to an ever higher and weirder pitch. Louder and more impassioned it became in the course of its exhortation, until the air fairly shivered with its reverberant echoes. And this is what the voice proclaimed on that evening, if not exactly from the house-tops, then surely from the sidewalks of New York, which are as efficacious for carrying a message to those who wish to hear it as well as to those who do not:

"You have forgotten God, the God who created heaven and earth! You forget that a time will come when you will have to give account for all your deeds; not only for wandering away from the faith yourselves, but for forgetting to implant a little of Judaism in the hearts of your children!"

The voice ceased for a moment, to recover its pitch and its exhausted breath, after which it continued:

"You threw off the yoke of the Torah and all piety! You buy a synagogue ticket for the high holidays, a *Kappore* from the butcher, a *Hoshannah* on the push-cart, and you think you've done your duty. You ought to be ashamed of yourselves! Is this the

Judaism that your fathers lived and died for?"

On and on the voice kept hurling forth its flamboyant admonitions. Most of the listeners scoffed, while others remained starkly indifferent and unaffected in any way whatever.

I, however, felt attracted if not exactly fascinated by this strange phenomenon. A Jewish youth exhorting Jewish men and women on a street-corner in the manner of the Salvation Army and speaking of *shul* tickers, of



People are crowding the sidewalks

Kappores and *Hoshannahs*!—that was a rare phenomenon indeed. I was anxious to meet this enthusiast and itinerant Jewish preacher of the curb, I wanted to meet face to face this strange creature, and find out "what was eating him," as the saying is. I waited till the meeting was over, and was handsomely rewarded for my pains.

I found myself face to face with a clean-cut and intelligent-looking youth

of about twenty-five. His thin hatchet-like face was earnest to the point of tragedy, while his dark eyes had that indescribable expression peculiar to the enthusiast or, better still, the fanatic, the man who holds to whatever ideas he has with great intensity.

He introduced himself to me as Mr. A——, President of the B'nai Jacob Society of ——— street in the heart of the lower East Side, a club with a membership of about 400 young people from the ages of 16 to 25, including a few girls, each of them paying the yearly dues of \$2 to sustain the holy cause. The Vice President of the Society is a youth of about the same age as Mr. Y—— by name, the son of an Orthodox rabbi, and of a mystic turn of mind, given to the dreaming of dreams and to religious ecstasies. It was this man who was responsible for the street-corner meetings. It was his great brain that first conceived this grandiose and ingenious plan of "Jewish Salvation Army."

The Aims of the Organization

"What are the aims of our organization?"—he repeated my query after me. "They are as follows: to implant love for the Jewish religion in the hearts of the much-estranged American-raised generation of young Jews; to bring them back to their God and nation, and especially to their God. The American Jewish young people do not attend the synagogue, so that one must go out and find them where they are, in the street. And the results are encouraging indeed to us. The fruits of our labors are ample and give promise of even greater and more bountiful harvests."

"A few years ago," my informant added, "when I was younger, I used to listen at the noon-hour to a Salvation Army preacher delivering his daily harangue at a certain street corner. His audience was, of course, practically all Christian—I being perhaps the only Jew, anyway, the only Jew who didn't come to scoff. He used to watch out for me regularly after the meeting, would speak to me personally and ask if I did not want 'to become God's child.' If I did, then, I must be prepared to accept the new faith, and the new gospel taught by Jesus and his disciples."

"One night as I sat alone in the quiet of my room, greatly disturbed in spiri-

perplexed by my problem and not knowing which way to turn, I took a sheet of paper and drew at one end of it a cross, and a *Moggen Dovid* at the other, and asked myself, which of the two was to be my choice, which of the two was I to follow as a guide in my life and action?

"For several days and nights thereafter I felt as if I would go crazy by the continual torment. I worried and fretted, and worried and fretted some more. Which of the two was it to be, the *Moggen Dovid* or the cross? Which?

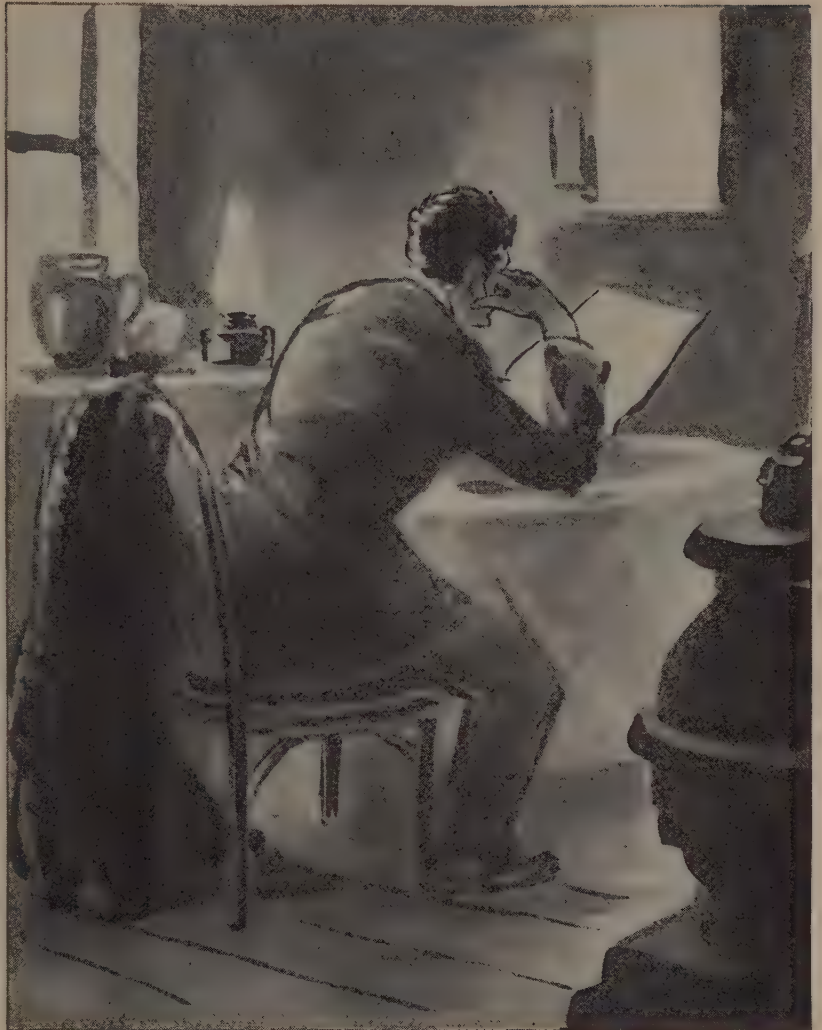
"Try as hard as I would, I could not solve the problem. I could not cut asunder the Gordian knot.

"I finally looked up my friend Y—and asked him what to do. He advised me to choose the *Moggen Dovid* as my guide in life, not the other symbol."

"Since then I have followed faithfully the Star of David and have remained a loyal and faithful Jew. I am happy in my choice, and have made it my mission in life to enlighten my fellow-Jews and thereby save their souls from sinking into the slough of despond in which my own soul was sunk for quite a while previous to my decision. I am seeking to direct their steps onto the path of righteousness and true faith, so that I may save them both from the anguish and the torment that was mine for quite a while, as well as from the pitfalls that lie at the end of their present unguided and undirected steps. And, with the help of the Almighty God, I am succeeding."

The Face of a Dreamer

I kept a careful watch on the speaker's face as he thus unburdened himself of his thoughts and ideals, as he laid his good and unsophisticated heart bare to me. I found that I was looking into the face of a man who unmistakably was sincere, into eyes that bespoke the dreamer of dreams and seer of visions: an honest fanatic with a conviction that went to the very roots of his being. In the course of our conversation he also informed me that he had been brought up in England, had lived there all through the years of his childhood and earlier youth, and that it was while there, in the land of Bible-reading and true religious zeal, whence preachers of the "word" found their way to the furthest corners of the earth and into the most impenetrable jungles, that he had learned to properly appreciate the greatness of that true zeal and devotion to one's faith that would lead a man to forego all pleasures and comforts in order to spread the gospel of truth. And then



A Cross at one end and a Moggen Dovid at the Other

he came to America and beheld the godlessness and the indifference that was rampant here among the Jewish youth, and decided that the wildest jungles of Africa were to be found here in New York. He decided to begin his work here and immediately. He didn't, however, decide upon a street campaign until his friend Y— had urged him to do so, as the only certain and direct method of reaching the straying and

godless Jewish youth who would not come to synagogue or meeting-house to listen to a speaker, especially a religious speaker. And if the mountain, whether coaxed or commanded, refuses to come to Mohammed, what is Mohammed to do but cast both his chagrin and his humbled dignity aside and come forth to meet the obdurate mountain? Hence the street corner meetings and the "Jewish Salvation Army."

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Illustrated by
Harry Rude

(Continued from Last Month)

WHERE once had been the peace of the desert, now resounded the clamor of children, the disconcerted cries of mothers, the chatter of women, the deep monosyllables of old men, authoritative voices through great megaphones, camel grunts, the neighing of horses, rattle of armor and spears. And under it all, like a steady, impersonal current of sound, the rhythmic click, click, click of camera cranks.

Principals, character players, extras, director, prop-men, assistants, animals, luggage, dwellings, supplies—the paraphernalia of great enterprise—had moved bodily into this chosen place on the California coast. Here desert and sea met and fused. Here was isolation. Here “The Flight From Egypt” was to be made. The transporting of thousands, their feeding and housing, were but incidents. All in the day’s work.

Papa Stein loved it all; the noise, the smells, the confusion, the sense of order that ran through it unseen. He mingled with his people and heard once more the tongue he knew. In the swaying robes of a patriarch of Israel he felt at home. He seemed to have grown taller, broader, more vital. A tinge of color appeared in the sallow, scholastic face.

He had escaped the Spanish mansion on the pretext of visiting an old friend out of town. In the absence of Marcus, no one disturbed himself about Papa Stein. He exulted in his new freedom.

The picture progressed. Papa Stein became engrossed in it. He placed his knowledge at the disposal of the director. He was listened to with respect. His soul expanded.

As scene after scene was made, a strange psychic tension seemed to enter the camp. The people, first as a group, then as individuals, felt a curious sense of identity with the parts they played. Ages vanished. Time no longer existed.

An air of unreality hung over the desert. The people spoke almost entirely in Yiddish now and sometimes in Hebrew. Forgotten phrases came to them. Their robes were theirs by right. They lived the old agony. Every blow of the whip seemed to strike welts upon their common flesh.

Their acting was no longer the product of the director’s voice.

When the time came to make the scenes of the actual exodus, this tension was at its height. Bronson felt it and was anxious to make the most of it. But that day everything seemed wrong. In vain Moses tried to lead the horde to the edge of the sea. They were restless, uneasy. They were like cattle, sensitive to unseen qualities in

the air. They milled and circled. Frightened, purposeless, indifferent, the exasperated shouts of the director only added to their confusion. Bronson had visions of a wasted day, of a loss running too high to be comfortable. Drops of sweat marked the dust on his forehead.

“What’s got into them?” he asked angrily. “Yesterday they were fine. Today I can’t do anything with them.” Rehearsal after rehearsal only increased the nervousness of the people.

There was one in that mass of dazed humanity to whom it was clear. Papa Stein knew his people, knew that they had stepped back thousands of years, were already dwelling in the Egypt their ancestors knew. He felt it himself, was conscious of a certain familiarity with the scene. And he knew why the people could not follow Moses that day.

The part of the great law-giver had been given to a famous character-actor. His make-up was good, his acting was good. But his features were not Semitic, his voice was more Celtic than anything else. He was not Moses but an actor playing an assigned part. The people sensed this. In their heightened psychic mood they instinctively rebelled at the false note struck by his presence at such a time. It was all real to them. Swept away with the emotionalism of the moment, their

hearts cried out for a leader as the heart of Israel had cried out for a Moses. Papa Stein divined this need.

Suddenly the disconsolate director stiffened. "What's happened?" he cried. "What's come over them?"

A figure that seemed to have stepped from the pages of the *Torah* moved through the dense ranks. It seized the staff of Moses, raised it on high with an imperial gesture and urged the people forward. The rich, sonorous accents of the Hebraic tongue rolled over the now silent throngs. The deep voice, the voice of a prophet, stirred the lethargic people.

This was Egypt. This was Israel. Jehovah had brought plagues upon the taskmasters. Jehovah was with them. On, on, on. The land of milk and honey lay beyond the horizon. The waters of the Jordan sang a song of distant welcome. Their leader, their deliverer, spoke to them in the tongue they loved and his voice bore the authority of God.

With uplifted faces, with reverent arms held out in supplication, the Chosen People moved across the sands. At their head strode a kingly figure, a triumphant yet humble patriarch through whom the Most High had spoken, whose eyes were already fixed upon the heights of Sinai. It was a magnificent spectacle, the unique fusion of time, of place and of mood.

"Grind, for the love of God, grind!" The low, tense voice of Bronson reached the cameraman. He did not know what had happened to his hopeless day. He only perceived that here was a mighty drama being expressed beautifully and without a flaw.

Of all that happened after that day, not even Papa Stein could remember the hundredth part. He had constantly to assure himself that it was all true. Bronson was delighted. Papa Stein, alias Jacob Metzler, was told that he was "a find." The part of Moses was given to him. A contract signed.

Retakes were made, earlier scenes revised. Papa Stein became accustomed to the peering eyes of the camera. He flung himself into the part with the ardor of a youth. For weeks he lost all consciousness of his identity. He was Moses.

The great dream-like existence ended at last and Jacob Metzler merged into Papa Stein. He returned home, keeping his secret in his breast. Marcus was still in the East. Papa Stein lived now half in dread, half in expectant delight. He trembled as he thought of the return of his son. He smiled as he thought of the release of the picture.

Marcus was in the habit of leaving everything in the hands of his technical men. He seldom concerned himself with the details of production. It was not unusual that he knew nothing of Papa Stein's little flight from "Egypt." He returned on the very day set for the opening of the picture. He had

breathed with relief. For the moment he was safe.

Beaming, pompous, the magnate at his most magnanimous, Marcus Stein, took his seat. The members of his family were about him, the world acclaimed him. He was happy. He did not see the dubious glance in the dark eyes at his side.

He scanned the cast of characters. Most of the names were familiar. But who was this who had been selected to play Moses? Jacob Metzler? Never heard of him. Well, he supposed Bronson knew his business.

Marcus Stein Presents The Flight From Egypt

He smiled broadly as this was flashed on the screen it always pleased him to see his name in big letters.

The first few sequences passed. Moses had not yet appeared. Then there was a long shot of the lonely, thoughtful figure in the palace of Pharaoh. Papa Stein held his breath. In the dark he could see the contented profile of his son. Mentally he winced. Poor Marcus.

Then came the first close-up. The wise face of the law-giver flashed upon the screen.

Marcus gasped once, incredulously. He struggled.

"Papa!" he shouted, unaware of the impatient heads turned in his direction.

He moaned, a long sad moan of frustration. Then he relapsed into tense silence.

Papa Stein breathed again.

At last it was out. He saw the taut jaw muscles of his son's face. The disapproval of Marcus settled over him like a tangible entity.

He continued to watch the screen, however. In a few moments he forgot his depression. Yes, it was good, this thing he had done. Why should he be ashamed of it? Let Marcus disapprove if he wanted to. Papa Stein straightened his shoulders and gave himself up, naively, Narcissus-like, to the contemplation of his flickering image.

The applause was real. The toast-master mounted the stage and introduced the stars one by one. Marcus was presented and bowed jovially. But the audience was dissatisfied. Something had been forgotten.



The Deliverer Spoke to Them. . . .

witnessed no preview, had not even seen the stills.

Major productions do not open unobtrusively in Hollywood. "The Flight From Egypt" had its premiere in the resplendent Assyrian Theater. Two acres of gigantic searchlights made the sky hideous with their mottled beams. Red, green and blue lights illuminated all the trees for blocks around. Cameras recorded the entrance of the audience. Radio announcers proclaimed the more noted arrivals, described the gowns, mentioned the escorts. America listened in.

Only one member of the cast escaped this searching publicity. The name of Jacob Metzler was not broadcasted. No one knew him. Papa Stein

"Metzler, we want Metzler! Moses, Moses!" they shouted.

Bronson pointed out the frightened figure. Papa Stein was forced to stand, to face the dazzling spotlight, to bow before the wild applause. It was his picture. The audience knew it. He knew it. Marcus knew it.

In the glittering lobby a few minutes later, Marcus became separated from his father. The hand-shaking, the congratulations, the press of people, formed a wall between them.

It was nearly half an hour before they found each other again. Papa Stein seemed lost in the immense corridor, submerged beneath the lights and the hundred gleaming mirrors.

"Papa, how could you do it?" began Marcus in hurt tones. "That my own father should make a fool of me!"

Papa Stein wilted. Then he braced himself.

"Isn't it a good picture, Marcus?" he asked shyly.

"Yes, Papa, it is a good picture. That I got to give you credit for. But, please, please, never again. Once is enough. Another time would finish me." He towered over his father.

"Now, Marcus . . ." Papa Stein interposed mildly.

"Let us say nothing more," interrupted Marcus. If pleading would not avail, he would try sternness. "My mind is made up. I forgive you. But after this I want you should keep off the lot."

Papa Stein smiled benignantly. "It's too late, son," he said ambiguously.

"Too late, what's too late? I tell you . . ." Marcus was growing angry. He felt a little ridiculous.

"Yes, you're too late. Cosmic Films are going to make 'The Wandering Jew.' They've asked me to play the lead. I just signed the contract. Congratulate me, Marcus."

And he who had fled from "Egypt" looked amiably into the stricken eyes of "Pharaoh."

For the Sake of Semitic Scholarship

Alexander Kohut Memorial Foundation Publishes Many Books

FOR a number of years now the Alexander Kohut Memorial Foundation has been sponsoring several educational and cultural activities. Originally the Foundation was in the form of a publication fund established by Dr. George Alexander Kohut conjointly with Yale University—where the library of Dr. Alexander Kohut is preserved. And it has brought out several works written by Yale professors.

The Alexander Kohut Research Fellowship of Semitics is annually awarded to a post-graduate student devoting himself to special investigation in the field of Semitic and Oriental learning.

Has Several Branches

The Foundation has branches at the Jewish Theological Seminary of America, the Jewish Theological Seminary of Vienna and the Jewish Theological Seminary of Budapest, as well as an independent branch in Berlin. An international committee of distinguished scholars selects the literary material which the Foundation publishes. There is also an executive committee, of which the officers are: Judge Julian W. Mack, President; Professor Alexander Marx, Vice-President, and Dr. George Alexander Kohut, Executive Secretary.

More than twenty volumes, devoted mainly to Jewish philology, history and folk lore have already been published. Among the most recent ones issued are: "Jewish Studies in Memory of Israel Abrahams," Segal's "Grammar of Mishnaic Hebrew," Schlesinger's "Syntax of the Babylonian Talmud," Aptowitzer's "Political Intrigues During the Hasmonean Period" and the first volume of Klatzkin's "Dictionary of Philosophical Terminology." The first two of these publications are in English and the others in German.

"Jubilee Volume" Soon to Be Ready

Another work that will soon be ready for distribution is "The Jubilee Volume" of the Jewish Theological Seminary of Budapest, which is being published in honor of the fiftieth anniversary of the founding of that Seminary. It contains scientific essays by noted Hungarian scholars; the second volume

of the "Greek Index to Philo," published conjointly by the Prussian Academy of Sciences and the Jewish Institute of Religion; the "Greek Josephus Lexicon," edited by that eminent scholar, Dr. H. St. John Thackeray; an edition of the "Greek Joshua," edited by Professor Max L. Margolis; two additional volumes of the monumental work on the "Plant Lore of the Jews," by Chief Rabbi Dr. Immanuel Loew of Szeged, Hungary, now a member of Parliament in his native country.

A Work of Unique Interest

A work of unique interest is the forthcoming Kohut publication in honor of that curious character and incomparable bookman, Abraham Solomon Freidus, for nearly a quarter of a century the head of the Jewish Division of the New York Public Library. It is entitled "Studies in Jewish Bibliography and Related Subjects," and contains learned essays by some of the greatest living Jewish and Christian scholars.

Two Kohut Foundation volumes which will be brought out as part of the Yale Oriental Series are "Assyrian Name Lists" and the Arabic original of Rabbenu Nissim Gaon's celebrated collection of stories. The former is a posthumous work by the late Dr. Etalene Grice, probably the only woman who ever held a fellowship in Semitics in America. And the latter is from the Elkan Adler manuscript, now in the possession of the Jewish Theological Seminary of America. It was edited by Professor Julian J. Obermann of the Jewish Institute of Religion of New York City.

Grammar of Talmud in German and Hebrew

Outstanding among the other books in the process of preparation for the Kohut Foundation is a complete "Grammar of the Babylonian Talmud," by Casper Levias, an acknowledged authority on the subject. This volume will appear simultaneously in German and Hebrew and will contain some notes by Professor Louis Ginzberg, a scholarly work of whom, incidentally, is also to be brought out by the Foundation.

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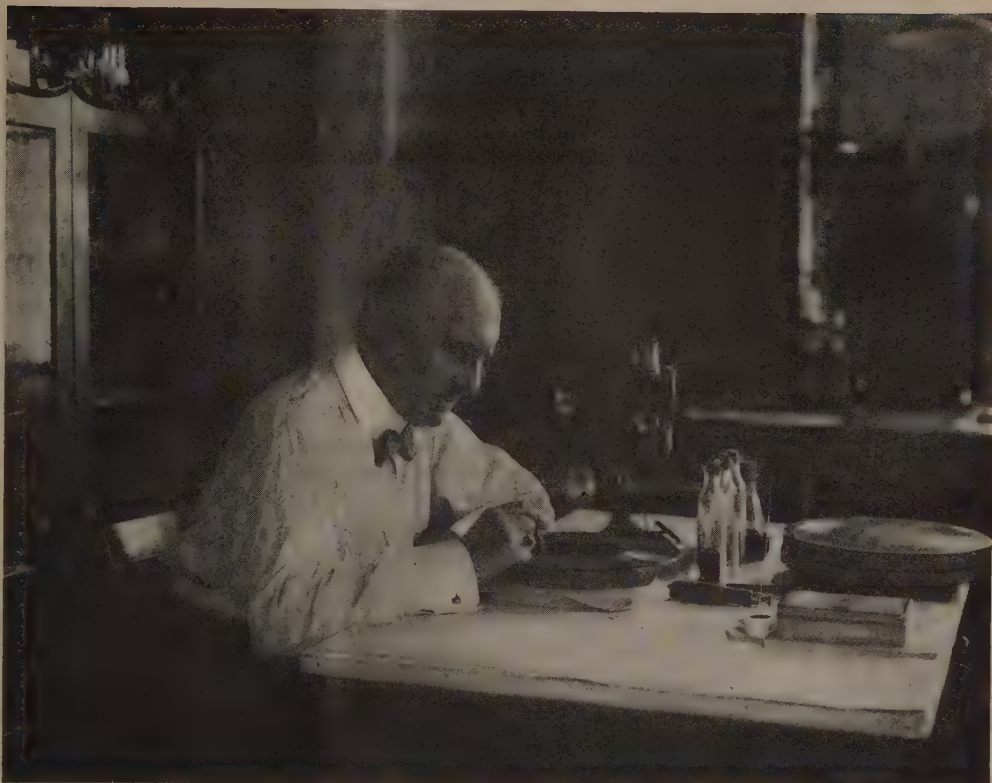
Jewish Inventors

By David Schwartz

HERBERT HOOVER, in his preface to the biography of the distinguished American Jewish inventor, Emile Berliner, gives utterance to a significant truth regarding the history of inventions. Says Mr. Hoover: "Every nation has contributed to the notable advance of scientific invention, which is the basis of modern civilization. So much is the development of these ideas the handiwork of every nation that it is almost impossible to assign to any particular nation the whole credit for any great industrial invention or for any one of the great scientific processes, which underlie our civilization."

Mr. Berliner's own life, indeed, bears witness to the truth of this observation. When we think of the telephone, we seldom think of anyone save Alexander Graham Bell, and yet if we were to take away the inventive contributions of Emile Berliner, the telephone would hardly be more than a novelty—a luxurious toy, instead of the universal necessity that it has become today. Likewise, when the average person thinks of the talking machine, the image of Edison comes to his mind, and Edison's contributions were outstanding indeed; yet it is a fact that Emile Berliner independently invented a talking machine, the gramophone, or Victor (it's trade name). It was the first talking machine which utilized a groove of even depth, with the groove vibrating and propelling the stylus across the record. The flat disc form of record invented by Berliner is now universally used, the cylinder form remaining only in the commercial dictaphone, which truly speaking, is of course, not a talking machine at all.

Berliner also was the inventor of a method for duplicating disc records,



Emile Berliner in His Laboratory

Courtesy of Young Israel

and he has made notable contributions to the mechanics of flying. He was the first to utilize a light weight revolving cylinder internal combustion motor, and he was the first to invent a successful helicopter, the device to make possible vertical ascent and descent of the flying machine.

The helicopter is still in its swaddling clothes, despite the numerous attempts made by a score of inventors to perfect it. Berliner's still holds its own as the most successful.

The career of Berliner is the more noteworthy by reason of the fact that the knowledge of science on which his inventions are founded, is self-acquired. In the rear of a clothing store in which he clerked, Berliner carried on the experiments which wrested from Nature's bosom the secrets which have come to mean so much in our everyday life.

Berliner is the son of German Jewish parents. His father was a Talmudist of no mean distinction, and the inventor, himself, is said to have studied

under Abraham Geiger, the German Reform leader.

Berliner has crossed the fences of religion. I doubt whether he now regards himself religiously as a Jew, but the Hebraic soul is still there, regardless of his rationalized denials. He alone, of all the outstanding American inventors, is active today, as a soldier in the liberation war of humanity, as Heine termed himself. He is the dynamo behind the Washington Society for the Prevention of Tuberculosis, and the same city's leader in the movement for milk pasteurization. This alert social-mindedness, I cannot regard, but as a heritage of his Jewish consciousness. And although not a Zionist, Berliner has given handsomely for the Hebrew University in Jerusalem.

In these radio-minded days, the story of Heinrich Hertz's achievement hardly needs repetition. It was of course the famous mathematician, Clerk Maxwell, who evolved the theory of electro-magnetic waves, which Hertz was the first to demonstrate on

a practical basis and which formed the foundation for the science of wireless communication.

Hertz's discovery was made twenty years after Clerk Maxwell, who worked on paper with mathematical symbols, evolved the theory of the existence of electro-magnetic waves and their resemblance to light waves. The name of Clerk Maxwell then held a magical sway in the world of science and his theory was consequently accepted, but, for two decades after he enunciated the idea, no practical means of demonstrating its truth was forthcoming. Then came Hertz, a modest professor in the University of Bonn, with the discovery of the form of condenser and circuit, which proved the Maxwellian theory. The whole scientific world was aroused by the confirmation of the theory. In France, England, Germany; everywhere, indeed, scientists began discussing Hertzian waves.

A beautiful phase of this revolutionary discovery was the modesty of this discoverer. Hertz was a veritable Lindbergh of science, for modesty. He generously acknowledged his debt to Maxwell, and further went on to say that if he had not made the discovery, doubtless Sir Oliver Lodge would have done it.

The House of Israel deserves, too, at least in part, credit for the genius and scientific achievements of the Herschels, Sir William and his son, Sir John.

Sir William, whose father was a Jew, was a relative of Solomon Herschel, at one time Chief Rabbi of London. Sir William devoted himself entirely to astronomy. Indeed, it has been said, that he was virtually the founder of sidereal science, having fixed the position of more than 2,500 nebulae. His son, Sir John, made signal contributions, not only to astronomy, but also to optics, physics and chemistry. He was the inventor of the modern blue print universally used by engineers. His chemical discoveries in connection with silver solutions, made possible modern photography. It provided the fixing agent, without which no photograph could be taken. Sir John even foresaw the coming of the modern motion picture and made experiments in that direction.

As far back as 1860, Sir John, writing prophetically said: "What I have to propose may seem to you like a dream, but it has, at least the merit of being possible, and indeed, at some time realizable. *It is the representation of scenes in action by photog-*

raphy." It was the first scientific prediction of the motion picture.

Another significant contribution to photography was of Jewish origin. I refer to the invention of color photography, for which credit is due to the French-Jewish physicist, Gabriel Lippman. This scientist who was awarded one of the Nobel prizes, made numerous discoveries in the field of electricity, as well. His process of color photography was invented in 1891.

Levi Ben Gerson, famous biblical commentator, is said by some to have invented the camera obscura, but the evidence for this contention is by no means convincing. There is good reason to believe that the camera obscura was known as far back as the days of ancient Greece. But Levi Ben Gerson, who was entitled to call himself philosopher, sage, physician, astronomer and scientist generally, did invent an astronomical instrument, designed to secure precise astronomical measurements. We may regard him as a prototype of our own Albert Michelson, who, besides his contributions to abstract science, is the inventor of a remarkable scientific instrument for measuring light.

In the Austrian Jew, Schwartz, Jewry may justifiably lay a claim to the inventor of the first successful dirigible. The credit for this is generally given to Zeppelin, and much credit indeed, is due him; yet the pioneer's laurels belong to Schwartz. And it is reassuring to note, that belated justice is beginning to be meted out to this Austrian-Jewish wood dealer, who, in his spare moments, to pass away the time, took to science, and devised the first successful dirigible.

A. Frederick Collins, himself an inventor, and the author of numerous books on invention, has this to say regarding Schwartz:

"Six years before Santos Dumont had demonstrated the practicability of driving a dirigible balloon with a gasoline engine, Schwartz of Austria proposed to build one with a light interior of aluminum, the frame to be divided into compartments. Ferdinand von Zeppelin of Germany designed a dirigible built on this principle. Soon after the war, a dirigible of this type crossed the ocean."

The difficulty of ascribing proper credit for inventions is also to be found in the case of the automobile. Credit is given to many. Vienna contends that a Jewish resident of that city, Siegfried Marcus, was the first to build an automobile. The original

car made by Marcus is in the possession of the Vienna Automobile Club, and a tablet at his old homestead commemorates his invention. Marcus was the inventor of numerous other devices.

In 1831, Professor Moritz Herman Jacobi, born in Potsdam, but then on the faculty of a Russian university, discovered that a coin or metal could be impressed in wax and that when the impression was dusted with graphite powder, it would conduct electricity. This was then used to gather a film of electrically deposited copper, which faithfully copied every detail.

In non-technical language, Jacobi had invented electro-typy, which plays so vital a part in modern printing. For illustrations, the printer had been forced, up to that time, to resort to the woodcut, which quickly wears out. By means of the electrotpe, thousands and even millions of reproductions can be made.

Jacobi was also one of the first to point out the possibilities of the use of electro-magnetism for the movement of machines.

Lewis Gompertz, a London inventor of some seventy years ago, was another fecund genius. He concentrated on devices to ameliorate suffering. He was the first to invent a shotproof ship. This was effected by means of a device which reflected the balls to the places from which they were fired.

The same altruism that animated his inventions permeated all aspects of his life. He was a vegetarian and he wrote a book called: "Moral Enquiries on the Situation of Animals and Brutes."

Jewish ingenuity, which has contributed so largely to photography and printing is further manifested in the inventions of the two Philadelphia Jewish brothers, Louis Edward Levy and Max Levy. The Levy Acid blast, the Levy line-screen, the photo mezzo tint, the modern half-tone process are some of the achievements of the minds of these two brothers.

A number of Jews were associated with the development of the early forms of the calculating machine. Nathan Mendelssohn, a son of the great sage, Moses Mendelssohn, is said to have been one of the early inventors of a calculating machine.

Obviously, it is impossible to list every achievement of a people as scattered as the Jews are, but it is clear that Israel has made noteworthy contributions to the development of applied science.

Selma Goes to College

By Margaret Gottlieb

DEAR Mother:

To your question as to whether there are any nice Jewish girls at College, I can only answer that, if there are, I know nothing of them. At least I've heard no Levys and Cohens at roll calls in classes and I've seen no persons of particularly Jewish appearance, though I am rather suspicious of a few of them. At any rate the crowd that already comes to our room in the evening is most definitely non-Jewish. I must confess that my first week has been more social than scholastic, but as Helen, my room-mate, says, we have plenty time to plug before exams. Nobody seems to like pluggers here—at least not our crowd—and it seems sort of unloyal to appear more brilliant than your peers. Of course I mean to set a fair pace for myself and not be a disgrace to you, but you need not feel heart-broken if I don't grab all the honors at the end of the year. After all, as you have often told me, I came to college to be "finished" and to carry away lovely memories of four wholesome, gay and happy years and I think I am fairly on the way to do so.

We went to see some antediluvian movies down-town last Saturday and had an awful lot of fun laughing at comics which might have amused our grandparents when they—the comics as well as the grandparents—were young. Helen wore my rose-colored scarf and she will let me have a lovely old coral brooch, that used to belong to her grandmother, to wear with my green dress at the dance we are having next Saturday night. It is funny to live such an orderly existence—all the excitement reserved for Saturday night because all week is supposed to be devoted to work and Sunday to rest.

Thanks for the sweater and candy and things. We had a party in our room with them.

Best love to everybody.

From your Selma.

P. S.—Since I started this letter, I made a discovery which will interest you. There actually is a Jewish sorority here. Sarah Berk, a sophomore and terribly brilliant, came over to me and asked me whether I would not like to join. Since I am perfectly satisfied with my present clique, and I have no desire to identify myself with a definitely sectarian group, I am afraid I was rather short with Miss Berk. I

shouldn't be surprised if I even gave her the idea that I am not Jewish—this, however, I assure you was not intentional.

Dear Mother:

College is everything that you and I dreamed of. I guess you must be wondering what Helen, my room-mate, is like.

She is Helen Gordon, of the New Haven Gordons, one of the most etc., etc., families of that town. She was awfully chummy with me the very first day and we helped each other unpack. She is a freshman too, and what with the excitement of unpacking and meeting each other and talking a mile a minute, we had no chance to feel lonely. She has a banjo and is interested in dramatics and her dresses are just a dream; we are about the same size and we already promised to "swap" in case an overwhelming desire seizes us to use each other's garments. I have a feeling that we are going to be "inseparables." Helen is blond, terribly aristocratic and cold looking, but she isn't cold at all and I can't tell you how happy I am to have her as room-mate. Chance might have thrown me together with an awful pill, and I've already seen quite a few "pilly" looking creatures around here.

This letter is full of Helen, but so am I: she is such a dear. I expect to be fearfully busy all this week, so please don't expect any more mail from me until next week.

Lots of love to Dad, the kid and you.

Your loving Selma.

Dear Mother:

College is not quite as pleasant as I thought it would be.

After attending chapel last Sunday morning with Helen, she started talking about her church and church affairs at home. Then she turned to me.

"What church do you go to at home, Selma?"

"I? Why—oh, we are Freethinkers," I said without thinking. Somehow, I felt just then that anything would be better than telling her about the temple. She said, "Yes?"—and I thought she sort of straightened up a bit. We changed the subject, but I felt that there was a new coolness in her manner, a kind of young duchess air. I spent the evening in my room, studying. Helen went out to visit some mem-

bers of our crowd and she didn't ask me to go with her.

By Tuesday everything seemed to be smoothed over, except that I thought I saw Helen watching me a few times. After classes today I found a note from a Jewish cultural society, asking me to attend one of their meetings. Helen came in as I was reading it.

"That looks like a bid to a sorority," she said. I felt obliged to show her the note.

"I heard about this. I understand it is some sort of a Jewish social club or something. But how . . . how did they know you were Jewish?"

"Oh, I guess they find out those things easily enough."

"Why didn't you tell me you were Jewish, Selma Waters?"

It seemed to me that she rather un-
duly emphasized the "Waters."

"I didn't think it was necessary," I said. "I never thought of myself as particularly Jewish. I consider myself an American and you as another one. You felt I was your equal until now; have I changed in five minutes because now you know that I am of Jewish descent?"

When I finished talking, there was such an expression of angry disdain on Helen's face that I couldn't bear to look at her. She seemed to feel it an insult that I dared to consider myself in the same category with her. She started talking in a cold rage; I don't remember half of what she said—such cruel, cutting things and, mother, the unbearable snobbery of them!

"I never knew any Jewish girls," she snapped, "we had none in my prep school. I certainly had no way of telling you were Jewish. We never even spoke about Jews much—they just didn't exist. Judging from those I used to see, down-town, I thought of them as vulgar, noisy, and ill-bred. You were not like that. You didn't seem any different from the rest of our crowd and you didn't act differently. But the fact that you concealed your race makes me feel that you were only an exception. If you came out with it, I would have respected you. This way I feel that you were taking advantage of my ignorance. There are other Jewish girls here. They keep to themselves. Many of them are very clever. They have the sense not to try and butt in where they are not wanted."

She said all this, mother, and more too, in a queer, chilly tone that went through me like a cold wind. It did no good to explain that Jews, too, have their "good families," that they aren't vulgar, that I was not really ashamed of being Jewish, only afraid of the prejudice which everywhere crops up. She just sat and listened without another word, only when I started crying, she got up and said:

"I am sorry, I didn't mean to hurt you so badly. I guess I'll go to bed. Good-night, Selma."

Gosh, mother, I feel so unutterably wretched. I wish you were here so that I could come to you for a real cry. It would do me so much good. Why didn't I tell Helen? I can't help feeling that the result would have been just the same even if I had told her before she suspected it herself. Her attitude and that of the rest of the crowd is the same. They seem to wrinkle up their noses when speaking about Jews as though they were smelling something unpleasant. I suppose I should have risen in defense or something, but I never felt Jewish enough.

Mother, darling, I'm so wretched!

Love and good-night,

SELMA.

Dear Mother:

I don't think I can stand this much longer. Helen continues to maintain an icy politeness toward me which prevents my even trying to make up with her. The rest of the crowd ignores me. They don't ask me to their rooms any more, or for walks, and when I stop to speak to them they seem to be in a hurry. It's a relief to stay in the classes; as a matter of fact, my marks have made an upward climb this week! I have plenty of time to study. But I am not used to being lonely; I hate to feel ostracized. The only persons I've had a pleasant look from all week are the Jewish girls; but I am ashamed to seek their friendship now that the others have cast me off. It would be too humiliating.

Please speak to dad about allowing me to come home. I'm afraid I'll have a nervous break-down if I stay much longer.

Love,

SELMA.

Dear Mother:

Thanks for your letter. You are a darling and so is dad for agreeing so quickly to let me come and find another college for next term. But here

is where I spring a surprise on you, old dear, I am not coming home. I am staying at——

Two days ago, Sara Berk, the clever sophomore about whom I wrote you before, came over to me again and asked, in the most casual tone of voice whether I wasn't coming to the lecture at the club house that evening. She didn't fawn and she didn't condescend. She asked it in a natural way as though I had been to the club house every evening. As a matter of fact, I didn't even know where it was. She told me and said:

"You will probably be agreeably surprised if you've not been there yet. It's a very pleasant place—so homelike."

I was, and it is—so pleasant and homelike that even before the lecture started the constant misery of the past weeks evaporated. Sara introduced me to a number of girls and they were most tactful and sweet. What surprised me, though, was a sort of a kindred feeling which I have not yet encountered in any other group of girls that I came across. There seemed to be an understanding that we were all of a kind—all Jewish. I was so accustomed to the habit of not thinking myself Jewish, of even trying to forget it, that at first it almost shocked me to find that these girls seemed actually proud of it.

Then the lecture! Mother, why didn't you ever tell me that there actually is such a thing as Jewish culture? To me, all Jewish tradition consisted of Bible stories told me at Sunday School when I was a little girl. I didn't know there was a Jewish literature, both classic and contemporary, and Jewish music. It seemed to me, while I listened to the lecturer that I was suddenly leaning backwards and finding a solid wall behind me instead of empty space. It was inspiring.

After the lecture Sara took me to her room and we had a long talk. It seems that her father is a very learned rabbi, who has written several books on Judaism. Sara was surrounded all her life by the tradition of which I know nothing. It is fascinating, mother. I am joining the club tomorrow. I don't expect to be so terrifically lonely any more—Sara seems just as desirable a chum to me as Helen. As a matter of fact—oh, well, I won't say it for fear of your calling me fickle. But I am staying at——

Love to everybody, and especially you, darling.

Your Selma.

Cleveland Orphan Home Graduate Contributes \$10,000 to Building Fund

IT won't be so very long now till the B'nai B'rith Orphan Home of Cleveland will be located in the new cottage plan quarters which are being erected for it in one of the finest suburbs of that city. Several weeks ago the cornerstone was laid. And now as fall approaches the work of completing the raising of the building fund is being resumed with enthusiasm.

One of the most gratifying of the recent contributions is that of \$10,000 by Adolph Finsterwald of Detroit, Mich. Mr. Finsterwald was brought up in the Home, and his gift is the largest of any coming from its graduates.

This donation is one of the best talking points one could wish for in this campaign. An orphan home that treats its inmates with such kindness and consideration that when they grow up and make a place for themselves as men and women remember it to make donations of thousands of dollars towards its improvement, certainly is a deserving institution.

Mr. Finsterwald, now a prominent business man in Detroit, has been chosen Chairman of the drive, which is to be held in his city this month.

"As our campaign nears its termination with eight of the sixteen states which we serve having gone over the top," said Fred Lazarus, Jr., President of the Home, last month, "it is gratifying indeed to be able to announce Mr. Finsterwald's generous contribution. Our graduates have set the pace, in their respective communities, throughout the campaign by giving the inspiration, service and money that has made success possible. We have so far secured pledges of more than \$1,100,000 and we hope that the campaign will be successfully completed within the next two months."

Since the establishment of the Home, sixty years ago, the original site and buildings have been used. And now these buildings are worn and out of date, and the neighborhood surrounding them has greatly deteriorated. The new location is an ideal one. And the new building arrangement is thoroughly scientific and modern.

Musical Europe—1928

By David Ewen



SUMMER — when musical America is deeply enshrouded in slumber—is the busy season for European music-festivals. Are you a perfect Wagnerite, or an ultra-modernist, or a Mozartean, or a Schubertian? . . . Your place, then, is in Europe where various cities are consecrated shrines for various composers. From every corner of the world, therefore, musicians wended their way to their favorite shrines, eagerly, expectantly. They seek perfection and exquisite artistry in the performance of the music they love. Their expectations reach full fruition. The greatest of music invariably receives the greatest of performances in these music-festivals, for the cream of the world's musicians assemble here to give of their very best.

In these festivities, the Jew has always played a significant part. This year has, by no means, been an exception.

* * *

Early in May, a Mozart festival in Paris ushered in this year's season of festivals. Mr. Bruno Walter conducted. Bruno Walter, a conductor of profound intelligence, of exquisite sensibility and chaste musicianship, and his mature, suave interpretation of Mozart's delicious operas received an ovation such as Paris had not witnessed or heard for a long while. Years of intensive scholarship and conducting brought a stamp of authority and erudition to his interpretation; a beautiful personality brought to the music an added eloquence that comes when a genius performs the work of another genius . . . Bruno Walter, when he was in America as guest-conductor of the New York Symphony Orchestra in 1923, created an emphatic impression by his inspired renditions of the classics. Who can forget the deftness, the grace, the tenderness with which he handled Mozart's "E-flat minor Symphony?" We can well understand, therefore, Paris' overwhelming enthusiasm.

Alexander Kipnis performed the major bass roles. Kipnis, of Bayreuth fame (his performance of Amfortas "Parsifal" is without equal), was heard in this country when the itinerant Wagnerian Opera Company visited these shores several years ago. Kipnis made an indelible impression. His

is a voice of delicious warmth, of sensitivity, of mature depth. When he sings Wotan—in the "sacrosanct" "Ring von der Niebelung" of Wagner—he fills the music with all the tenderness of human kindness, revealing once for all that Wotan, god that he is, is also human in the intensity of his emotions. Kipnis' "Hans Sachs" is a masterpiece of character delineation. Hear him sing "Wann, wann uberals ist wann!"—in the last act of "Die Meistersinger"—and you will see the full futility and frustration that inextricably surge in the kind and intelligent man who has learned the sadness of living; you will see all the sweetness and goodness that constitute the old, stoical, pathetic cobbler.

* * *

Simultaneous with the Mozart series of operas, Paris witnessed, strangely enough (for wasn't it Maurice Ravel who said that there is a strange affinity between Mozart and the moderns?) a number of music-festivals of modern music, the outstanding of which were devoted to Arnold Schönberg and Arthur Honegger. Strange that the music of these two rebels should appear side by side! Schönberg it was who, rebelling against Wagner's superfluity and massive, sumptuous orchestral fabric, became the expressionist of music, stating his musical message baldly, tersely, nakedly. And it was Arthur Honegger who rebelled against Arnold Schönberg's parched intellectualism. New worlds have been discovered by Schönberg, and his "Five Pieces for the Orchestra" and his "Gurre-Lieder"—both having been magnificently performed—make music as limitless as time and space. Schönberg has discovered new, weird sounds, sounds which, we now know, must belong to music and without which music cannot be complete. He has discovered new effects, piercing in their intensity, new tongues with which to voice new messages, new devices which make his music powerful and dynamic and gruesome. Brutal vigor makes itself manifest in all of Schönberg's music and in all its hideous nudity. In his music, as James Gibbons Huneker wrote, we have the "every ecstasy of the hideous. I say 'exquisitely horrible' for pain can at once be exquisite and horrible."

Schönberg's importance in emancipating music from the straight-jacket

of classicism cannot be overestimated. But he required an Arthur Honegger to finish what he had started. By injecting a lightness of wit and satire—and his heavy burlesque of Wagner's pomposity in "Les Mariees" is delicious!—Honegger freed music from Schönberg's cut-and-dried idiom—an idiom as matter-of-fact and as unemotional as a syllogism or a mathematical formula. Honegger, too, can capture the titanic bursts of energy that is the principal characteristic of modern-music. The overture to the "Tempest" and "Pacific 231" are monumental forces of rhythmic energy. But Honegger is at his best when he fuses Schönberg's shrill modernism with the conservative rules of classicism. In the incidental music to D'Annunzio's "Phaedre," in "Le Roi David" music is resurrected, at last, from the infringing bonds of mere intellect; it becomes a wild orgiastic outburst of emotion. We react to this music emotionally. We feel its power and vigor; emotionally, we react to the sharp and abrupt lines of its harmonies. We seem to feel and understand the emotions that have governed the world; that have made man both a barbaric savage and the noblest image of God. And, through Honegger's music, these emotions are aroused in our bosoms.

* * *

At the Opera Comique in Paris, early in the Spring, Darius Milhaud's "Le Paurre Matelot" was given its first performance. Of the famous "French-five"—the five which has now dissolved permanently—Milhaud is not the greatest. For high moments of eloquence and inspiration, Honegger must always be considered his superior. But for conciseness of form, for sharp outlined brevity, for effective sounds Milhaud is indubitably preeminent. Milhaud's unpretentious, small orchestra sounds as resonant and sonorous as a loud symphonic band; his narrow mould is as pliant and as conducive to fertile inspiration as that of the most radical of moderns . . . Critics have written that there is not one superfluous bar in "Le Paurve Matelot." One can readily believe it of Milhaud. One can also readily believe that his music is overbubbling with the intoxicating wine of eloquence and is drenched with the sweet liquor of beauty.

* * *

Under the auspices of the International Society for Modern Music, Lazare Saminsky conducted a program of modern music—mostly that which has come from American pens—in Berlin, early in June. Mr. Saminsky, the music-director of Temple Emanu-El of New York City, is a prominent and noteworthy figure in modern musical activity. He is the great sponsor of Hebrew music, and his public concerts and penetrating writings have done much to arouse a world-wide interest in Hebrew music. He is a fervent devotee of the modernists. His eyes and ears are constantly open to new musicians and year after year he brings to the people the fruits of his discovery. As a composer, Lazare Saminsky—associated with the group of younger Russian composers—has produced agreeable, pleasant compositions but not as yet great music.

The works of four Jews were on Mr. Saminsky's program: his own "Litany," a specimen of fluent musical writing, rich in beauty and skilfully wrought in dramatic effects; Jacobi's haunting "Nocturne for Chamber Orchestra," exquisitely emotional music, sensitively scored and beautifully developed; Marion Bauer's sternly classical songs and Darius Milhaud's three-minute symphony, another example of his terse succinctness.

The music was received with great interest and the gifted conductor received the ovation that he so richly deserves.

* * *

The festival at Salzburg—the birthplace of the immortal Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart and the shrine dedicated to his music—began on July 26th. Mr. Bruno Walter was the director. Tamiris, a genius of the dance, performed with the usual rhythmic force of her bodily movements. Oscar Siegler, a pianist of exceptional merit, gave a distinguished performance of Mozart. Incidentally, Salzburg heard the world's first performance of Erich Wolfgang Korngold's "Piano Concerto for Left Hand," performed by Paul Wittgenstein, the one-handed pianist. All the mature grasp of harmonic coloring, which has characterized Korngold's music from childhood, finds here its culmination. There is here not merely pure pyrotechnics. There is haunting beauty of melody, rich, vibrant harmonic structure. Korngold treats the piano as a symphony; this concerto, despite the fact that it has been com-

posed for only one hand, is rich in symphonic effects.

It is known in musical circles that Mr. Wittgenstein will tour America next fall and will bring with him Korngold's new concerto. We await the occasion with great anticipation.

The day of the opening of the Salzburg festival marked also the initial concert at the Munich festival—devoted to the operas of Wagner and Mozart. Of greatest importance, in this festival, is its conductor, Leo Blech—certainly one of the greatest leaders of opera in the world.

There are some who are fortunate enough to have heard Leo Blech conduct in this country during his short visit here with the Wagnerian Opera Company. His performance of "Die Meistersinger" is unforgettable. The marvelous balance of the orchestra in the prelude, the magnificent, thundering climax culminating with the major chord towards the end of the prelude, the tenuous delicacy with which the ending of the second act was treated, the accompaniments to Hans Sachs' famous monologues, the gigantic close—all revealed its conductor to be a musician of genius. Here was a man who took a strange orchestra and with the first magic wave of his inspired baton made it sound as if its members had rehearsed together a lifetime. Flaw-

less musicianship, poignant beauty in playing. Unfortunately, Leo Blech fell sick and was compelled to return to Germany at once without giving us further fruits of his genius. We can only guess at the greatness of the "Ring" and of "Tristan" under his inspired fingers. But at Munich, all of Wagner's operas and the most significant of Mozart's were led by him. The orchestra is his own; the singers were trained by him. One is moved to wonder at the miracles that were wrought in Munich.

* * *

Bayeruth Festival Most Famous of All

But the most famous of all festivals has always been and always will be the one at Bayreuth—the home of Wagner's theater, the city of Wagner's music. The staging of Wagner's immense dramas is said to be incredible in its effects; a river overflows on the stage, Walhalla appears in all its roseate glory out of the dusk, the dragons are gruesome. The world's greatest conductors—who specialize and conduct only Wagner's operas—are here assembled; and the world's greatest operatic stars.

The bass has always been Wagner's favorite voice and it is the bass that assumes the greatest significance in his music-dramas. Wotan, Hans Sachs, Amfortas, Guntrum, King Mark . . . all outstanding characters, all have bass voices. To the bass, therefore, falls the greatest burden of the music-drama. This year, Friederich Schorr, formerly of the Wagnerian Opera Company and now of the Metropolitan Opera House, is the honored bass. Without exception, Friederich Schorr is the greatest Wagnerian bass that has ever lived. His voice is all velvet and honey; he does not reproduce Wagner, he interprets him . . . as a scholar-artist must. And he is one of those rare opera singers who is also a brilliant actor. Wotan, Hans Sachs, King Mark are not mere dummies with magnificent voices. They are living, throbbing human beings. Whatever flaws there may be in Wagner's characterizations, they are all forgotten when Schorr appears on the stage. He dominates the stage as a central figure. When he appears, everyone else is darkened by his immense shadow. More than anyone else, Friederich Schorr has captured the true spirit of Wagner; and true artist and musician that he is, he has revealed it to us in an unmistakable language.

The Birth of Our People

What quaint and heroic characters move through the pages of the Pentateuch! What epical human-interest stories it contains!

Adam and Eve — Cain and Abel
— Noah and the Ark — Abraham
— Isaac — Jacob — Esau — Sarah
— Rebekah — Rachel — Leah
— Laban — Joseph and his Brethren
— Moses — Aaron — Miriam
— The Exodus from Egypt — The Great Event at Mount Sinai — The Forty Years in the Wilderness —

Prof. Samuel S. Cohon, the well-known scholar and writer, has prepared a series of interpretive articles for the B'NAI B'RITH MAGAZINE on the personalities and events depicted in the first five books of the Bible.

These articles, in Professor Cohon's usual delightful and animated style, are a part of the B'nai B'rith educational program. And the first one will appear in October. Tell your friends about it.

Our Readers Have Their Say

(Note: Letters from our readers are not necessarily printed in full. Our aim is to convey the substance of the thought expressed in the communications. Moreover, for the sake of clarity, we take the liberty of editing letters which we publish. We invite inquiries on matters of a public nature and will be glad to answer them whenever possible.—Editor.)

Keeping the Young Mothers Jewish

Sir:

Great stress is laid by the average Jewish parent on the necessity of giving his sons some education in Jewishness, but there is little concern as to the need of doing the same for the daughters. And that is one of the chief reasons why the young generation is rapidly drifting away from the fold.

A. Robinovitz.

2414 Wentworth Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Mr. Robinovitz calls attention to a real problem. There is some reassurance, however, in the fact that in the Hebrew schools and the religious schools, throughout the country, girls receive attention equal to that given to the boys. The same holds true in such institutions as the B'nai B'rith Hillel Foundations and the Young People's League of the United Synagogue of America. But there is much yet that could and should be done towards keeping the young mothers, and the young fathers, too, for that matter, Jewish.—Ed.

Christian Character

Sir:

Some time ago I read of the award of the Kenneth Sterling Day Trophy to Mr. Louis Behr for "Christian character, etc. . . ." and was sorry about the whole affair, but decided to let it go at that until you brought the matter up again in your editorial, "The Christian Character of a Jew."

Now I wish to voice my protest. . . .

The definition of Christian is "one who believes, professes to believe or assumes to believe in Jesus Christ. . . ."

As for Christian character there is no such thing. Character, in the sense under discussion, can not be Jewish, Christian or Mohammedan. If we mean to indicate a high degree of character then there are adjectives to describe it—such as: fine, noble, etc., etc. If we have in mind ideal character, something that people of all beliefs should aspire to, then I for one—a native American of the Jewish faith—will not admit the superiority of Christian character over any other kind. . . . Christian is always spelled with a capital C and always pertains to the Christian religion.

S. Benjamin Altman, D. M. D.

237 No. Main St., Brockton, Mass.

Dr. Altman's argument is based entirely on the definition of the term Christian. Now Prof. Carl Russel Fish, Chairman of the Kenneth Sterling Day Memorial Committee, in explaining the award of the trophy under

discussion, to a Jew, said of the word Christian: "It is plain at present the word denotes the possession of certain qualities and may be applied to persons of any organization or absence of organized connection. . . ."

Language is not static. The meaning of words is revised with usage. And in this case the modification of meaning is certainly a commendable one. In making the award, as they did, the members of the Kenneth Sterling Day Memorial Committee manifested gratifying broadmindedness.—Ed.

Farm Loan Societies

Sir:

I would like to have the addresses of an American-Jewish farmers loan society, a Russian-Jewish farm aid society and a Palestine farm aid society.

Pardon me for troubling you. I would not do so but for the fact that I believe you are glad to render the service.

H. S. Hutzler.

1107 East Main St., Richmond, Va.

We are indeed glad to give out this and any similar information. The Jewish Agricultural Society, 301 E. 14th Street, New York City, grants loans to American Jewish farmers. The Agro-Joint, c/o the Joint Distribution Committee, 40 Exchange Place, New York City, aids the Jewish farmers in Russia. And as for a society which aids the Jewish colonists of Palestine—there are a number of them. For detailed information you should communicate with the Zionist Organization of America, 111 Fifth Ave., New York City.—Ed.

Relatives in Roumania

Sir:

I have just discovered that I have some distant relatives in Roumania who are in need of financial help. They have written me an imploring letter and I am willing to help them as much as my means will allow. But before doing so I would like to have some disinterested information as to their economic condition. And I would like to know, too, just what sort of people they are. Who can help me in this?

R. H. K.

Saginaw, Mich.

We have a district grand lodge in Roumania with several constituent lodges, and it is almost certain that one or the other of them will be able to secure the information you desire.

If you will send us the name and address of your relatives we will communicate regarding the matter with our Roumanian District Grand Lodge.—Ed.

The A. Z. A.

Sir:

I am the advisor of a club of Jewish boys ranging in age from 14 to 17. At a recent meeting of this club the Aleph Zadik Aleph was brought up in our discussion. Will you kindly let me have full particulars in regard to that organization?

F. M. Levine.

W. Chestnut St., Washington, Pa.

We are sending you the July issue of the B'NAI B'RITH MAGAZINE containing an article on the A. Z. A. And we are also forwarding your inquiry to the Executive Secretary of the Order, Mr. Philip M. Klutznick, 301 Peters Trust Bldg., Omaha, Neb.—Ed.

Breadth of Understanding and Sympathy

Sir:

I am a regular reader of your magazine and desire to express gratification at the kindly tolerance and spirit of goodwill manifested in every word published. Surely the era of universal brotherhood can not be far off when Jews write in so friendly and understanding a vein of Christians.

I refer particularly to your paper, "Where Jew and Christian Meet," and the article on Samuel Hirschenberg. Also your attitude regarding candidates for whom Jews should vote. You show a breadth of understanding and sympathy that cannot fail to reassure and gratify those who think that the old prejudice and bigotry still prevail today. Your views of things, thank God, are becoming typical of the page. I have some delightful friends among your people.

Albert A. Carrier.

P. S.: I am an Episcopalian—not that that makes any difference; but I thought perhaps it would interest you to know it.

Very Interesting Articles

Sir:

Enclosed please find one dollar for one year's subscription to the B'NAI B'RITH MAGAZINE. While visiting some friends in Toledo, who are members of your great Order, I noticed the magazine and found great delight in reading it. The articles in that publication of yours surely are very interesting. And since I am a young girl, and not a member of the Order, I am subscribing for the magazine so that I may be sure to get every issue of it.

T. Green.

2753 Hazelwood, Detroit, Mich.

B'nai B'rith Wider Scope Activities for the Year 5688 (1927-1928)

B'NAI B'RITH HILLEL FOUNDATIONS

Religious and Cultural Activities

During the past year the Foundations have made gratifying progress. Religious services, both Reform and Orthodox, were well attended. Leaders of national renown lectured on Jewish subjects to audiences made up of both Jews and non-Jews. There were regular courses in Jewish history—ancient, medieval and modern—Jewish rituals and ceremonies, Yiddish language and literature and the ideology of Judaism.

Each Foundation issued at least one publication, and some of them, more than one. Notable Hillel Foundation debates were held during the past season in Chicago and Cincinnati.

New Appointments

The untimely death of the beloved Rabbi Benjamin M. Frankel was a great blow to the Hillel Foundation work. Fortunately, the Commission has succeeded in getting Rabbi Louis L. Mann of Chicago, to accept the post of Acting National Director of the Hillel Foundations. This means much for the immediate future of the movement.

Three new members have been added to the Hillel Foundation Commission. They are: Morris D. Waldman, Executive Secretary of the American Jewish Committee; Philip L. Seman, Superintendent of the Jewish People's Institute of Chicago, and Rabbi Abba Hillel Silver, of Cleveland, Ohio. Advisory committees have also been appointed in the various districts.

Hillel Foundation Receives Recognition

The members of the Hillel Foundations in the various universities have distinguished themselves in many ways by receiving awards and prizes in various contests. "For Christian character, distinguished service and scholarship," Louis Behr, the President of the Hillel Foundation at the University of Wisconsin, has been awarded the Kenneth Sterling Day trophy.

W. W. CAMPBELL, President of the University of California, says: "To an appreciable extent the Hillel Foundation is aiding the university in the important work of character building from which our commonwealth is sure to profit."

G. W. ECKELBERRY, Assistant to the President of Ohio State University, says: "During the three years of the

Foundation's service at Ohio State, it has exerted a most wholesome influence among the seven hundred and fifty Jewish students."

CLARENCE COOK LITTLE, President of the University of Michigan, says: "The Hillel Foundation appeals to me as an organization with constructive purposes which is quietly, but effectively, engaged in carrying out these purposes. At the University of Michigan, it has a real place and is competently filling it."

GLENN FRANK, President of the University of Wisconsin, says: "If the Wisconsin organization is typical of the work of the Hillel Foundation, it is doing an invaluable job spiritually and culturally."

DAVID KINLEY, President of the University of Illinois, says: "The Hillel Foundation at the University of Illinois, in my opinion, has been ably managed and is doing good work."

B'NAI B'RITH MEXICAN BUREAU

The B'nai B'rith Mexican Bureau, located at 5A Calle de Mina, 95, Mexico, D. F., is under the management of Mr. J. L. Weinberger. In addition to general relief work, this bureau renders a great deal of direct personal service. The Bureau's clinics have special departments in dentistry and provide hospital facilities.

A loan bank is now in the process of organization, with local representatives participating. The work in Mexico is conducted under the auspices of a joint committee, representing the B'nai B'rith and the Emergency Refugee Committee which has appropriated a total of \$50,000 for the undertaking.

ALEPH ZADIK ALEPH

The Order of Aleph Zadik Aleph is supervised nationally by a Supreme Advisory Council. *The Shofer*, official organ of the Order, is sent to every member of the organization. The Aleph Zadik Aleph has 78 chapters throughout the United States. It has 2 chapters in Canada, 8 on the Western Coast, and a similar number in the Northeast and a few in the South. The age of the members ranges from 16 to 21.

National oratorical and debating contests are held annually, and a very successful essay contest was recently held, with "The Future of Judaism in America," as the subject.

The national convention of the Order, which was held in Denver the middle of July, adopted an educational program. The chapters will be requested to arrange special A. Z. A. services in the temples and synagogues of their communities. Classes will be organized for the study of Hebrew and lectures will be arranged on the Bible and Jewish history since biblical times. Exhibits will be sponsored showing Jewish ceremonial objects, works of art and relics of historical significance. Discussions, debates and oratorical contests dealing with various Jewish subjects will be carried through.

THE ANTI-DEFAMATION LEAGUE

The most noteworthy recent achievement of the Anti-Defamation League was the consummation of an arrangement with motion picture producer whereby the I. O. B. B. is empowered to pass upon pictures depicting any phase of Jewish life or Jewish character.

During the past year several complaints were received against writing of a defamatory character, appearing in various publications. With few exceptions, the League's efforts to suppress or correct the objectionable features proved successful.

The Anti-Defamation League is continuing its co-operation with the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America, in promoting goodwill and better understanding. It is also represented in the newly organized agency known as the National Conference of Jews and Christians.

The Speakers Bureau, organized recently, arranged 38 lectures by prominent religious and cultural leaders. These lectures on Jewish subjects were delivered before Rotary, Kiwanis and Lions' clubs and similar groups in the States of Illinois, Indiana, Ohio and Virginia.

B'NAI B'RITH PALESTINE HOUSE BUILDING FUND

The B'nai B'rith Palestine House Building Fund office reports that many members of the B'nai B'rith Garden Suburb Society are prepared to commence building homes immediately on land already owned by them. They are now proceeding with the building of roads. One section of the area has 20 houses already completed, with more and a splendid synagogue in the process of construction.

APPRECIATION

The B'NAI B'RITH WIDER SCOPE COMMITTEE

records with appreciation the generous response to its call for service and financial assistance of the following communities, which, with few exceptions, where the campaigns are still incomplete, successfully obtained their assumed quotas:

Aberdeen, S. D.
Alexandria, Ind.
Alexandria, Va.
Allentown, Pa.
Alton, Ill.
Asheville, N. C.
Ashtabula, O.
Augusta, Kans.
Aurora, Ind.
Bakersfield, Calif.
Baltimore, Md.
Bellair, O.
Belleville, Ill.
Bellingham, Wash.
Bethlehem, Pa.
Birmingham, Ala.
Bismarck, N. D.
Bluefield, W. Va.
Calgary, Alb., Can.
Cape Girardeau, Mo.
Centerville, Del.
Champaign, Ill.
Charleston, W. Va.
Cheyenne, Wyo.
Chicago, Ill.
Cincinnati, O.
Cleveland, O.
Collinsville, Ill.
Colorado Springs, Colo.
Columbus, Ind.
Columbus, O.
Crawfordsville, Ind.
Danville, Ill.
Dayton, O.
Decatur, Ind.
Denver, Colo.
Detroit, Mich.
Dover, Del.
East Liverpool, O.
East St. Louis, Ill.
Edmonton, Alb., Can.
El Dorado, Kans.
Ellwood City, Pa.
El Paso, Tex.
Elyria, O.
Enid, Okla.
Erie, Pa.
Everett, Wash.
Fargo, N. D.
Fort Smith, Ark.
Fort Wayne, Ind.
Fredericksburg, Va.
Fresno, Cal.
Garrett, Ind.
Gary, Ind.
Gas City, Ind.
Goldsboro, N. C.
Grand Forks, N. D.
Grand Rapids, Mich.

Great Falls, Mont.
Greensboro, N. C.
Hamilton, O.
Hammond, Ind.
Hannibal, Mo.
Harrisburg, Pa.
Hartford City, Ind.
Huntington, Ind.
Hutchinson, Kans.
Indianapolis, Ind.

Leavenworth, Kans.
Ligonier, Ind.
Lima, O.
Lincoln, Nebr.
Long Beach, Cal.
Lorain, O.
Los Angeles, Cal.
Louisiana, Mo.
Louisville, Ky.
Madison, Ill.

Minot, N. D.
Modesto, Cal.
Mount Vernon, Ind.
Muncie, Ind.
Muskegon, Mich.
Muskogee, Okla.
New Castle, Pa.
New York City, N. Y.
North Manchester, Ind.
North Vernon, Ind.

Pittsburgh, Pa.
Portland, Ind.
Portland, Ore.
Portsmouth, O.
Pueblo, Colo.
Quincy, Ill.
Reading, Pa.
Richmond, Ind.
Richmond, Va.
Roanoke, Va.
Rock Island, Ill.
Rockport, Ind.
Sacramento, Cal.
Saginaw, Mich.
St. Joseph, Mo.
St. Louis, Mo.
St. Paul, Minn.
Salt Lake City, Utah
San Diego, Cal.
Sandusky, O.
San Francisco, Cal.
San Jose, Cal.
Santa Ana, Cal.
Santa Cruz, Cal.
Santa Monica, Cal.
Santa Rosa, Cal.
Saskatoon, Sask., Can.
Seattle, Wash.
Sedalia, Mo.
Sioux Falls, S. D.
South Bend, Ind.
Spokane, Wash.
Springfield, Mo.
Steubenville, O.
Stockton, Cal.
Tacoma, Wash.
Tampa, Fla.
Terre Haute, Ind.
Texarkana, Ark.
Toledo, O.
Topeka, Kans.
Trinidad, Colo.
Tucson, Ariz.
Urbana, Ill.
Vancouver, B. C.
Victoria, B. C.
Vincennes, Ind.
Virginia, Minn.
Wabash, Ind.
Washington, D. C.
Waukegan, Ill.
West Frankfort, Ill.
Wichita, Kans.
Wilmington, Del.
Wilmington, N. C.
Winnipeg, Man., Can.
Youngstown, O.
Zanesville, O.

*To Friends, Patrons, Donors,
Contributors and Subscribers*

The National Wider Scope Committee

extends

GREETINGS AND BEST WISHES

for a

HAPPY NEW YEAR

HENRY MONSKY, *Chairman*

Jacksonville, Fla.
Joplin, Mo.
Kansas City, Kans.
Kansas City, Mo.
Kendallville, Ind.
Kentland, Ind.
Lafayette, Ind.
Lancaster, Pa.
Lawrenceburg, Ind.

Madison, Ind.
Mansfield, O.
Marion, Ind.
Marion, O.
Miami, Fla.
Michigan City, Ind.
Middletown, O.
Milwaukee, Wis.
Minneapolis, Minn.

Oakland, Cal.
Oklahoma City, Okla.
Omaha, Nebr.
Parkersburg, W. Va.
Pasadena, Cal.
Peoria, Ill.
Petersburg, Va.
Philadelphia, Pa.
Phoenix, Ariz.

[[October 1st to December 31st is scheduled
for campaign in territories still uncovered]]

\$700,000 Needed to Complete Quota.

News of the Lodges

Celebrate Philip Cowen's 75th Birthday

* * *

"HAPPY is the nation that has no history," is a common saying. This may or may not be true—it depending upon one's definition of history. But certainly it may be said that "happy is the man who has a history and happier still is the one who has helped make history." Such a man

is Philip Cowen of New York, the 75th anniversary of whose birth is going to be celebrated on October 8th. (He was born on July 26th, but the public celebration is going to take place on October 8th.)



Philip Cowen

As publisher of the American Hebrew the first twenty-seven years of its existence, he stood in the forefront of innumerable campaigns for the advancement of American Jewry during the great immigration period. In this capacity he also helped enlighten both Jews and non-Jews in regards to Jewish thought and life and history. He was instrumental in bringing the writings of Emma Lazarus, Mary Antin, Max J. Kohler and Oscar S. Straus before the reading public.

His achievements as publisher helped him later when, as an officer of the American immigration bureau, he went to Russia and other European countries to study the causes for the great migration from these lands. Everywhere he went he found people who knew him by reputation and were more than glad to help him.

Even the briefest outline of Philip Cowen's life would be incomplete without mention of his activity as a Ben B'rith. His earliest interest in the Order was handed down to him by his father, who was prominent in the councils of Jordan Lodge in the early days. With this as a start, he developed an interest in B'nai B'rithism which has grown more intensified with the passing of the years. He was an intimate friend of Julius Bien, Simon Wolf and Leo N. Levi, successively Presidents of the Constitution Grand Lodge.

THE many friends of Brother Edwin J. Schanfarber, devoted B'nai B'rith and communal leader of Columbus, Ohio, will be glad to learn that he is recovering from an automobile accident in which he was injured several weeks ago.

* * *

SPLENDID work has been done by the Americanization Committee of the Denver Lodge. This Committee, consisting of Brother Philip Roseman (Chairman), Brother Samuel J. Frazin, Brother Samuel N. Goldberg, Brother Harry M. Kaufman and Brother Max Miller, was appointed in 1927 by Brother Charles Rosenbaum, President of the Lodge for that year. The members of the Committee conducted classes in American History and the Constitution at the J. C. R. S. and the Ex-Patients' Tuberculosis Home, and helped many applicants for citizenship secure their naturalization papers.

* * *

THE B'nai B'rith of Philadelphia enjoy working for the public good. A proof of this is the very successful meeting held in Atlantic City on August 12th under the auspices of the B'nai B'rith Council of that city. At a time of the year when people as a rule devote as little time as possible to serious matters, the B'nai B'rith of Philadelphia, joined by B'nai B'rith delegations from Newark, N. J.; Passaic, N. J.; Pittsburgh, Allentown and Bethlehem, Pennsylvania; and from Wilmington, Del., gathered to work out plans for enlarged future activity. Individual B'nai B'rith from the Middle West and other sections of the country also participated.

The Council decided to propose to the lodges of Philadelphia that they have the second floor of a prominent hotel fitted out as a suitable permanent meeting place for the B'nai B'rith of the "city of brotherly love."

A report of the prison aid work of the B'nai B'rith of Philadelphia revealed the fact that more money was needed to carry on this admirable service effectively in the future. It is worth noting in this connection that the committee doing this work recently saved an innocent man from serving a prison term of 17 to 34 years.

The A. Z. A. Committee, under the able leadership of Abram Orlow, who was a few weeks ago appointed the junior Order's Assistant Deputy in the

East, outlined an interesting program of activities for the fall and winter.

Brother Morris Ruberg, who after seven years of devoted service as Secretary of the B'nai B'rith Council of Philadelphia retired from that office, was presented with a token in recognition of his good work.

Among the Philadelphians who addressed the meeting were: Judges Kun, Glass and Lewis, Assistant District Attorney Abraham Berkowitz, Louis E. Levinthal, Abraham Wernick, Harry M. Miller and Joseph Herbach. Speeches were also delivered by the following B'nai B'rith leaders from other communities: Judge Joseph Siegler of Newark, N. J.; Dr. Hyman I. Goldstein of Camden, N. J.; Mr. Chas. Klein of Allentown, Pa.; and Mr. Isador Jacobs of Pittsburgh, President of District Grand Lodge No. 3.

As a tribute to the beloved Solomon C. Kraus, who recently passed away, the entire gathering stood for a minute in silence. Brother Kraus was an active Ben B'rith and the Grand Master of the Independent Order B'rith Sholom. Judge Kun glowingly eulogized the departed leader.

Joseph W. Salus presided at both the morning and afternoon sessions of the conference. Albert A. Light helped make the affair an enjoyable one with his witty and wise remarks.

* * *

OUT in Los Angeles the B'nai B'rith are anxious to get a great deal accomplished. So they opened the fall season ahead of time with a joint meeting of the Lodge and Auxiliary on Tuesday evening, August 28th.

This year's District No. 4 Grand Lodge convention was reported upon, as was also the recent A. Z. A. convention at Denver. Brother Richard E. Gutstadt, Secretary of the District, spoke. And Brother J. J. Lieberman reviewed Jewish current events. James Brockman, song writer and Orpheum star, provided some high class entertainment.

* * *

M R. MARCO HELLMAN is Chairman of the committee which is arranging a grand banquet in honor of Rabbi Edgar F. Magnin, new President of District Grand Lodge No. 4. Leading citizens of Los Angeles who are not members of the Order as well as the B'nai B'rith, will participate in this banquet, which is to be given on September 5th at the Ambassador Hotel.

DISTRICT Grand Lodge No. 4 believes in getting an early start. Monroe Friedman, prominent attorney of Oakland and Past President of Oakland Lodge No. 252, who has been selected Chairman of the 1929 convention of that District Grand Lodge, is already working out a program of sessions, entertainments and social functions. Leonard Meltzer, President of Oakland Lodge, and Gladys Happ, President of the Oakland Auxiliary, have undertaken to raise the funds necessary to carry through the convention which will be held in their city. Harry J. Sapper is in charge of publicity.

* * *

SAMUEL B. ASIA of Seattle believes in seeing America first. Not long ago he returned to his home city after an extended trip through the United States, Panama and Cuba. Mr. Asia made it his special business to observe the condition of the Jews in every community he visited. And now he is determined that Seattle shall benefit from what he has learned. The genial traveler says that there are 1,500 young Jewish immigrants in Cuba who are anxious to marry American girls, as that would give them a chance to enter this country.

* * *

SOME time ago Jeffrey Heiman, an active and popular young Ben B'rith of Seattle, was appointed Assistant United States Attorney for the Western District of the State of Washington. Mr. Heiman, who is only 24 years old, is the first Jewish man to hold that position in the district.

* * *

AS we go to press the Tri-State Convention is in session at Cheyenne, with representatives from lodges in Colorado, Wyoming and New Mexico participating. In October we will publish an account of the proceedings of the gathering.

* * *

LOS ANGELES Auxiliary No. 11 is planning a luncheon in honor of Mrs. Birdie Stodel, new President of the Women's Grand Lodge of District No. 4.

Mrs. Stodel recently returned to her home in Los Angeles after an official tour of the auxiliaries in the district. She visited Portland, Seattle, San Francisco and Oakland, and was received with great acclaim in each of these communities.

IN a comprehensive and courageous address before Menorah Lodge of Baltimore, Mr. B. H. Hartogensis of that city exposed the religious intolerance that has been practiced in the State of Maryland. Moreover, he pointed out that certain discriminatory laws were still on the statute books of the State, and he called for their repeal.

* * *

ZEBULON B. VANCE was Governor of the State of North Carolina about the middle of last century. He was a liberal-minded man, a man of great vision; and he could express his views and beliefs and emotions with thrilling eloquence. His famous lecture, "The Scattered Nation," is a magnificent tribute to the achievements, the character, the courage and the unique position of the Jewish people. It is therefore most fitting and appropriate that the B'nai B'rith Lodge of Asheville, N. C., should erect a memorial monument to Governor Vance. This monument will be unveiled on October 7th at Fletcher, N. C., nine miles out of Asheville, on the grounds of the historic Calvary Episcopal Church, where the great and good Governor lies buried.

* * *

DR. M. JUNG of the University of Illinois Foundation was in charge of the Hillel activities at the University of Wisconsin Summer School this year. Some items picked at random from his informal report will indicate how the summer students made use of the facilities and opportunities offered them by the Hillel Foundation:

There were in all about 150 Jewish students enrolled at the university during the summer. A Hillel mixer brought together 130 of them. A Hillel picnic was attended by 85 of them. The acting director entertained small groups at Friday evening suppers, at which there were spontaneous discussions of various subjects, both Jewish and non-Jewish. A number of Hebrew classes were conducted. There were regular Friday evening and Sunday morning services (the students preferred to designate them as such rather than as Reform or Orthodox). The acting director gave a course in Social Ideals, for which scholastic credit was granted. He also discussed intimate personal problems with individual students, and organized a Conservative congregation in the Jewish community of Madison.

EARL LAPIDUS of Omaha, Nebraska, was recently appointed to the United States Naval Academy by United States Senator R. B. Howell of his State. Young Mr. Lapidus has passed all the required examinations with flying colors, and he has been sworn into the Academy at Annapolis.

Earl's father, Harry Lapidus, is an outstanding B'nai B'rith leader; and Earl himself has been prominently active in the A. Z. A.

* * *

MAYOR LEON SCHWARTZ of Mobile was the principal speaker at a ladies' night supper given recently by Alpha Lodge No. 219 of Pensacola, Florida. Copies of selected Jewish poems were presented to Caroline Heinberg, Sarah Elizabeth Greenhut and Mary Louis Bear—local girls who were confirmed some months ago.

BOUND VOLUMES of the B'NAI B'RITH MAGAZINE

This issue completes Vol. XLII
of the B'nai B'rith Magazine.

A bound volume of the last twelve issues will be a valuable addition to your library. In it you will have a significant collection of stories, articles and pictures, together with a succinct record of Jewish events which took place during the period.

These bound volumes may be secured for one dollar each from the

B'NAI B'RITH MAGAZINE
40 Electric Bldg.
Cincinnati, O.

Across the Seas

IT IS generally known that Jews are to be found in practically every community of any consequence throughout the world. Nevertheless, when one reads of Jewish activity in some such far away place as Athens, Greece, it gives one a thrill. And it is particularly gratifying to note that the B'nai B'rith are playing so large a part in the Jewish life of the Greek capital.

Philon Lodge No. 993 of that city was founded on March 12th, 1924. And today it has four times as many members as it had when it was established. Moreover, applications for membership are constantly being submitted. The Lodge maintains a school and supports other communal institutions. It fosters the perpetuation of Judaism in Greece and takes a profound interest in Jewish life and problems throughout the world.

Last February the Lodge established a new home.

* * *

EARLY returns of the Greek national election show that David Matalon, President of the B'nai B'rith Lodge of Salonica and Honorary Secretary of that city's Jewish Communal Council, has been elected to the Greek Parliament. Another Jewish candidate for Parliament from the same city who was successful is former Deputy Besantchi. Both men ran on the Zionist ticket.

* * *

HOW comprehensive the interests of the B'nai B'rith of Austria are may be judged from the subjects of lectures delivered at the various Austrian lodges recently.

Past President Dr. S. Frankfurter, of Vienna Lodge, spoke before that Lodge on the "Relationship Between the Jews and Their Environment." Eintracht Lodge heard two lectures—one by Dr. L. Sic of Zagreb on "The Jews in Jugo-Slavia, Past, Present and Future"; and the other by Past President Dr. H. S. Loeble on "Serious and Humorous Experiences in the Life of a Physician." Past President Dr. R. Ticho of Warheit Lodge spoke before that Lodge on "The Right of Punishment and the Progress of Civilization." Before Massadah Lodge, Brother L. Bato spoke on "Jewish Culture in the Italian Renaissance"; and Brother

Adolf Boehm discussed "Present Day Problems in Palestine." Ehrmann Lodge of Linz heard an address by Past President P. Karpeles of that Lodge on the subject, "Lodge and Social Work."

* * *

THE meeting of the Union of Non-American Districts, which was held in Berlin some time ago, gave much attention to the matter of establishing lodges in countries where none exist at present. It was decided that the Grand Lodge of Germany should send representatives into the Baltic States with that end in view, that the lodges of Holland and Great Britain should undertake to establish lodges in France and that the B'nai B'rith of Great Britain should also prepare the way for the organization of lodges in India, Australia and South Africa.

At the same meeting it was resolved that the decisions of the convention of Constitution Grand Lodge, held in Atlantic City in 1925, should, together with the report of the President of the Order, be translated and distributed among the various grand lodges.

It was proposed, further, that the non-American district grand lodges should add to their statutes an amendment about the tribunal which has been established as part of the Actions Committee of the Union of Non-American Districts.

This tribunal will undertake to settle disputes and litigations between the lodges of the districts included, and between the individual members of these lodges. Cases of a purely commercial nature will not be considered by this tribunal. But cases of any other nature, both the lodges and the individual B'nai B'rith, are requested not to take into the ordinary law courts until after they have attempted to have them settled before this Actions Committee tribunal.

In disputes between individuals, the decisions of the tribunal are final. But in cases between lodges the rulings of the tribunal are subject to appeal in accord with the provision of the Constitution of the Order in regard to such matters.

Lodges or individuals involved in litigations have the right of attending or sending representatives to the sessions of the tribunal during which these litigations are being considered. When

the parties involved cannot or do not wish to be present or represented by proxy, they may submit their arguments in writing.

* * *

ON JULY 15th there was held in London the first meeting of the 1928-31 session of District Grand Lodge No. 15.

Brother S. Rowson, M. Sc., the retiring Grand President, occupied the chair at the opening of the meeting.

The election of officers resulted as follows: Grand President, Dr. Samuel Daiches; Grand Vice Presidents, Bertram B. Benas, B. A., LL. B., and Councillor H. Morris; the Executive Committee or Council, Sister A. J. Cohen and Brothers Dr. Salis Daiches, Joseph A. Hamwee, H. M. Simans and George J. Webber, LL. B.

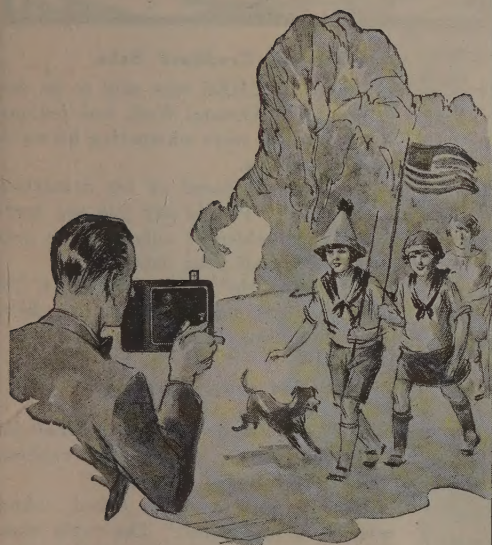
In assuming the chair, Brother Dr. Samuel Daiches paid a tribute to the retiring Grand President. Dr. Daiches pointed out that Brother Rowson, in serving as the first Grand President of District Grand Lodge No. 15, has had to do a great deal of pioneer work and that in doing this work he had proven himself to be a leader of distinction. Dr. Daiches also thanked both Brother and Mrs. Rowson for the hospitality they have shown members of the District Grand Lodge on several occasions.

Dr. Leszynsky brought greetings to the gathering from the District Grand Lodge of Germany.

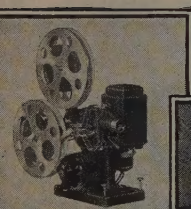
Brother George J. Webber submitted the report of the special committee, consisting of Brothers Dr. M. Epstein, S. Rowson and himself, on the creation of a prize fund for an essay contest to be held annually among Jewish undergraduates and graduates. The report, as adopted, established one prize of 10 pounds for the best essay by a graduate—within five years of his graduation—on the subject, "The Social and Economic Status of the Jewish Clergy, With Suggestions For its Improvement."

It was also decided to offer a prize of 10 pounds for the best essay by an undergraduate—the subject to be determined later. The undergraduate in this case must be a member either of a constituent lodge or of a Jewish students' society.

Brother Dr. Salis Daiches of Edinburgh reported that the Edinburgh Lodge had taken steps toward the formation of a local women's lodge.

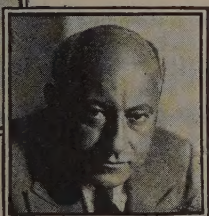


"Your Gang" in



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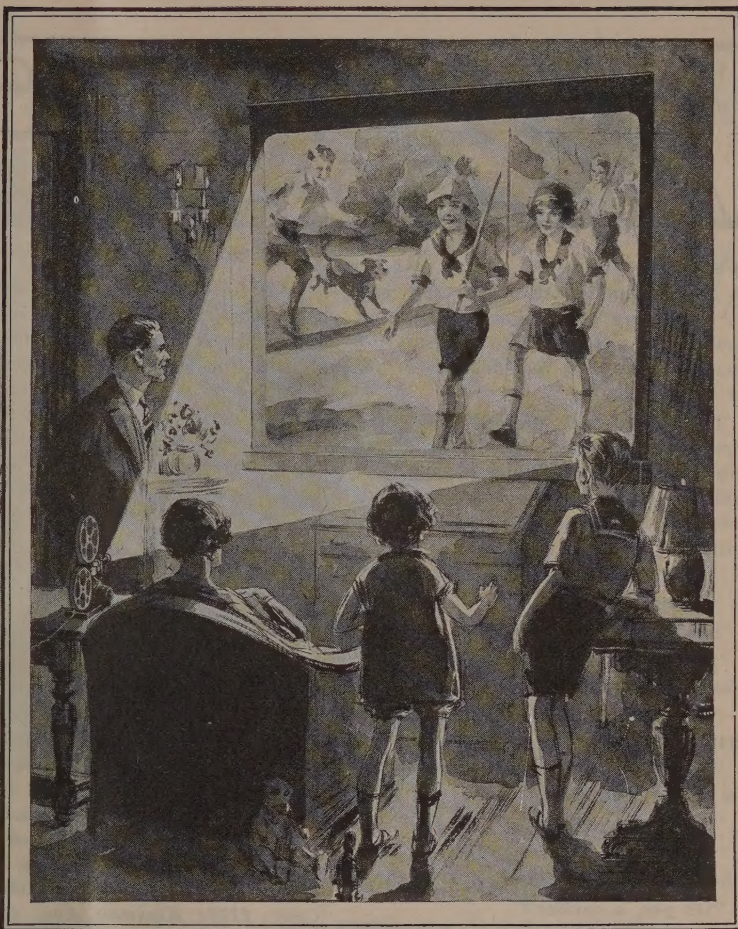
Cecil B. DeMille recommends the DeVry



"Your Gang," your own jolly kids and the kids they play with, wouldn't it be splendid if you could put them on the screen—have them play their pranks for you in your own movies on your own screen in your own home tonight?

That is a feature picture no theatre can offer—a movie of your children just as you love to see them and remember them, happy, laughing vital—a precious picture now and beyond price to you and them in the years to come.

And five, ten—yes twenty years from today—how wonderful to turn the switch on your DeVry projector and watch these priceless pictures flash across your



Your Own MOVIES in Your Own Home Tonight

own silver screen—how you will enjoy turning over the pages of your child's pictorial biography—seeing again your baby—your chum, the man who is your pride—seeing "Your Gang" at all their ages as vividly as if time had turned back the clocks.

With a DeVry Home Movie Outfit, especially built for Amateurs you can know this great happiness—in fact you can now take and show your own movies as easily as you would take a snapshot.

DeVry has concentrated for 14 years on motion picture equipment for Amateurs. The DeVry Home Movie products so widely used today grew out of this rich experience. Today there is scarcely a professional cameraman who

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NEWSREELS, Etc., for the HOME

When writing to Advertisers kindly mention the B'NAI B'RITH MAGAZINE.



What Is An Assassin?

A MAN armed with a shotgun and trembling with anger was running down the road in hot pursuit of another man who was fleeing for all he was worth.

The armed man noticed that some distance ahead was a third man. This happened to be Chone Chaikin, a philosopher from the city who had come out into the country to commune with Nature.

"Stop him!" shouted the armed man to Chone, "stop him!"

The philosopher did not budge.

"Are you deaf?" yelled the armed man. "Stop that assassin!"

"Assassin?—what do you mean by that?" inquired the philosopher.

"What a strange question! An assassin is one who kills!"

"A butcher, then?"

"Don't be a fool. I mean a man who kills another man."

"Oh yes, a soldier!"

"Imbecile! A man who kills another man in time of peace!"

"Oh I know—an executioner!"

"You donkey! A man who kills another man in his home."

"Now I have it—a doctor."

By this time the armed man decided to continue his pursuit unaided.

* * *

He Didn't Want His Feelings to be Hurt

SAID Dave to Abe: "You know Abe, I'm kind of hard up and I would like to ask Saul for a loan. But I feel rather sensitive about it."

"If you're sensitive about it," replied Abe, "I would suggest that you call Saul up on the telephone and ring off before he gives you his answer."

* * *

An Important Postscript

ABRAHAM DUBANSKY, who runs a grocery store in a small town in Nebraska, made up the following list of goods to be ordered from a wholesale house:

- 10 lbs. coffee
- 10 lbs. Rice
- 15 lbs. beans
- 5 lbs. cheese
- 1 case laundry soap

IT IS delightful on a winter's evening to sit with a circle of friends in a congenial, comfortable atmosphere telling anecdotes and jokes. How proud you feel and pleased when you get a big laugh out of the crowd. It is great fun, too, to foregather in some shady spot on a summer's afternoon and pass around humorous stories. In this way each one of the group helps all the others forget the heat and troubles in general. But give your imagination a real chance. Think of the thousands of men, women and children, in the great centers of population and in out of the way towns, here and abroad, who will get a laugh out of your joke if it is printed in the B'nai B'rith Magazine. Moreover, we will give you a book for each of your jokes that we use. So send them in to us. The lucky ones this month are: Rachel Miller, 11722 Kinsman Ave., Cleveland, Ohio; S. Stern, 4834 Drake Ave., Chicago, Ill.; Herman Sugarman, 434 East 148th St., Bronx, N. Y.; and Oscar Leonard 5845 Nina Place, St. Louis, Mo.

Just then Mrs. Dubansky came in. After looking over the list she said, "Why, dear, we have plenty of all of these articles."

Before mailing the order blank, Mr. Dubansky, therefore, added:

"My wife just came in and she says we do not need any of this merchandise now."

* * *

Jacob Knew His Diploma

"HOW many of you can use the word diploma in a sentence?" the teacher asked her class.

Jacob Mandelbaum was the only one who raised his hand.

"Shame upon you American-born boys and girls to be outdone by a lad of foreign birth!" exclaimed the teacher. "Proceed Jacob."

Jacob responded with the following:

"De kitchen sink it leak this morning, and my mamma she say to my papa, 'send for diploma.'"

Not For His Creditors' Sake

JENNY DICHES was said to be engaged to Armand Weil. And jealous acquaintances were whispering all sorts of insinuations.

One day a friend of his remarked to Armand: "People say you are marrying that schlemiel only because you want to pay off your debts."

"How foolish!" replied Armand, "if my creditors need money let them marry. I have changed my mind."

* * *

A Magazine and a Magazine

BENNIE asked his father what he was reading. His dad replied "The B'nai B'rith Magazine."

Bennie, still curious, asked, "And what is a magazine?" The reply was "A periodical containing stories, pictures and articles."

Sometime later Bennie visited the military post located near his home town. Pointing to the box-like part of a repeating rifle he asked a soldier, "What do you call that?"

"A magazine," replied the soldier.

To which Bennie remarked, "My father has a magazine, too. Only his is a periodical."

* * *

An Accommodating Organ Grinder

HIRSHKE BERDICHOFF, an unsuccessful pianist, seeing what success the Italians had made as organ grinders, decided to become one himself.

Three days after he started, a policeman came up to him and said "Have you a license?"

"No," said Hirshke.

"Very well, then, accompany me!" the policeman demanded.

"With pleasure," retorted Hirshke, "what do you want to sing?"



The nourishment of whole-milk for the after-school lunch !



EVERY nutritive element of milk, the perfect food, is retained in Pabst-ett, the finer dairy product that is *more than cheese*.

Pabst-ett is made by a new process that conserves the milk sugar, proteins, *calcium* and other valuable elements of milk which are lost in cheese making.

As digestible as milk, Pabst-ett is an

ideal food for children—for the after-school lunch, with meals, in cooked foods. Pabst-ett spreads as easily as butter on bread or crackers. It does not become lumpy or stringy in macaroni, rice, potatoes, rarebit. Best of all, its flavor is superb — so delightful that Pabst-ett won the nation in less than one year. Sold by leading grocers everywhere. Order today.

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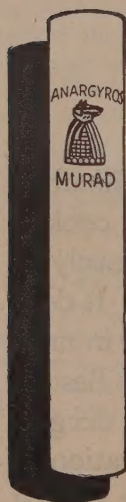
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-

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NOTE: In Central Europe and the Orient, everyone who smokes cigarettes, smokes Turkish. They are never troubled with coughing or throat irritation. Try Murad today and see why for yourself. A few puffs will convince you how cool and refreshing they are. Altogether different from other cigarettes.